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LITERARY *Caravade*

A MONTHLY FOR ENGLISH CLASSES PUBLISHED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES



SPIDER WEB • Photo by Vincent Sampiere • Scholastic-Ansco Photography Awards Winner

LITERARY CAVALCADE, a Magazine
for High School English Classes Published Monthly During the School Year.
One of the SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES.

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OUR FRONT COVER



tography under Richard Blazej, faculty advisor of the John Adams Camera Club. Members of the club photograph all the school plays and club parties, and provide photos for the Clipper, the school magazine, and the Campus, the school paper. For the past five years photography has been Vincent's chief interest, although his hobbies include football, the sciences and music (he plays the violin and sings in the school glee club). His ambition is to succeed in the field of commercial photography and he belongs to the Queens Borough Camera Club, whose members include professionals.

Vincent's cover photograph was taken with a 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 Speed Graphic camera on Ansco film.

LITERARY Cavalcade

VOLUME 1 • NUMBER 8 • MAY, 1949

SCHOLASTIC AWARDS ACHIEVEMENT ISSUE

Scholastic Presents, by M. R. Robinson 1

Death Card, by Bill Faulk 2

Short Short Story—Second Prize, \$25: Five seamen were marooned on an island with no hope of rescue . . . then there was one.

Saga of "The Second," by Eve Kennedy 4

Essay—First Prize, \$50: The story of the author's home town, and of the people who make it warm and human, a good place to live.

Case #637, by Marlene Bamert 6

Short Story—First Prize, \$50: A psychological study, stark and terrifying, of a girl caught in the pitiless snare of a strange illness.

Summer Story, by Sue Rivenburgh 11

Essay—Third Prize, \$15: Warm and nostalgic reminiscences of summer and days afloat and a visit to a lonely bell buoy in the Sound.

Poetry, by Barbara Holland, Elissa Isaacson, Robert Kwit, Mary Ellen Berneski, Helen Rowe, Josephine Spivack, Irvin C. Swan 12

Poems which the judges liked best from the work of the First (\$50), Second (\$25), Third (\$15), and Fourth (\$5) poetry prize winners.

Art Awards Winners 16

Reproductions of winning entries in various Art Awards classifications.

The Rookie Pitcher, by John McClellan 20

Short Story—Fourth Prize, \$5: An uproariously funny and wildly fantastic tale of a baseball manager and how he took a pennant.

Sometime Tomorrow, by Richard Jackson 22

Original Radio Drama—First Prize, \$25: A tightly and sharply written play about a man who faced the hardest task he ever had to do.

Humor, by Karen Kruse, Tom Pease, Laura Rilander, Anne DeForest 25

Humor which the judges liked best from the work of the First (\$25), Second (\$15), Third (\$10), and Fourth (\$5) humor prize winners.

Grief, by Marilyn Kemp 27

Short Short Story—First Prize, \$50: Everything should have been different, yet it was as if nothing had changed, until suddenly . . .

Pretty Halcyon Days, by Joel Mandelbaum 28

Music—First Prize Song for Solo Voice with Original Accompaniment, \$25: Carefree verses by Ogden Nash wedded to a delightful melody.

A Piece of Paper, by Hania Woyska 30

Autobiography—First Prize, \$25: An account of a flight from terror by a Polish refugee girl who survived the war years in Europe.

Scholastic Writing Awards Judges Inside Back Cover

Chucklebait Back Cover



Sculpture and Ceramics Jury (L. to R.): Kenneth Bates, Frederic Clayter, Janet de Coux, Adolph Dioda (former winner in Scholastic Art Awards).

Photo by Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph



Scholastic-Ansco Photography Awards judges (L. to R.): Roy Stryker, Standard Oil Co. of N. J.; Arthur Rothstein of Look magazine; John Whiting of Science Illustrated.

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette



Pictorial Arts Jury (Left to Right): John Carroll, Aaron Bohrod, Carlos Lopez, Clarence Carter, and Gregory Ivy.



Music Judges (L. to R.): David Randolph, musicologist; Howard Murphy, Columbia U.; Vincent Jones, N. Y. University; Helen Grant Baker, Music Educators Nat. Conference.

Scholastic Presents . . .

This year the Scholastic Awards program passes the quarter-century milestone. For twenty-five years this annual competition in the creative arts, conducted by Scholastic Magazines together with public-spirited sponsors, has uncovered talent which in freshness and maturity has never failed to astonish us at Scholastic, or the distinguished judges who finally determine the winners. The Awards mean a great deal of work. Yet each year we approach them with the eagerness one reserves for high adventure.

And it is high adventure—adventure that rewards us with a rich personal satisfaction, and the students who attain the coveted honors with prizes and scholarships.

In this issue of *Literary Cavalcade* we proudly present the prize-winning entries in the major classifications. We know that you will enjoy them; they are the work of your generation, the fruit of your hand. Lists of the winners, together with other prize-winning work, will be found in the May 25 issue of the other Scholastic Magazines.

To those who have attained these honors, congratulations. And congratulations to their teachers, too. To those who help make the Scholastic Awards possible through their generous efforts—the many school administrators and educators, distinguished judges, advertisers, and co-sponsoring department stores and newspapers—go our thanks and appreciation. And lastly, to you who were not singled out for honors—remember, the margin between those who won and those who almost gained the prize was frequently as narrow as one heart-breaking point.

MAURICE R. ROBINSON, President and Publisher

Death Card

Photograph by Leonard Rosenblatt of New Utrecht H. S., Brooklyn, New York, won First Prize, \$25, in Class. K, Group II, of Scholastic-Ansco Photography Awards.

ON the beach of a small island, three men are sprawled about playing cards for pebbles. Two more men sit talking with each other near the edge of the pounding surf. Still another, a youth whose cheeks are fuzzy with his first beard, is prowling at the edge of the water, looking hopefully for snails and insects. Suddenly one of the card-players dashes his hand down and springs to his feet.

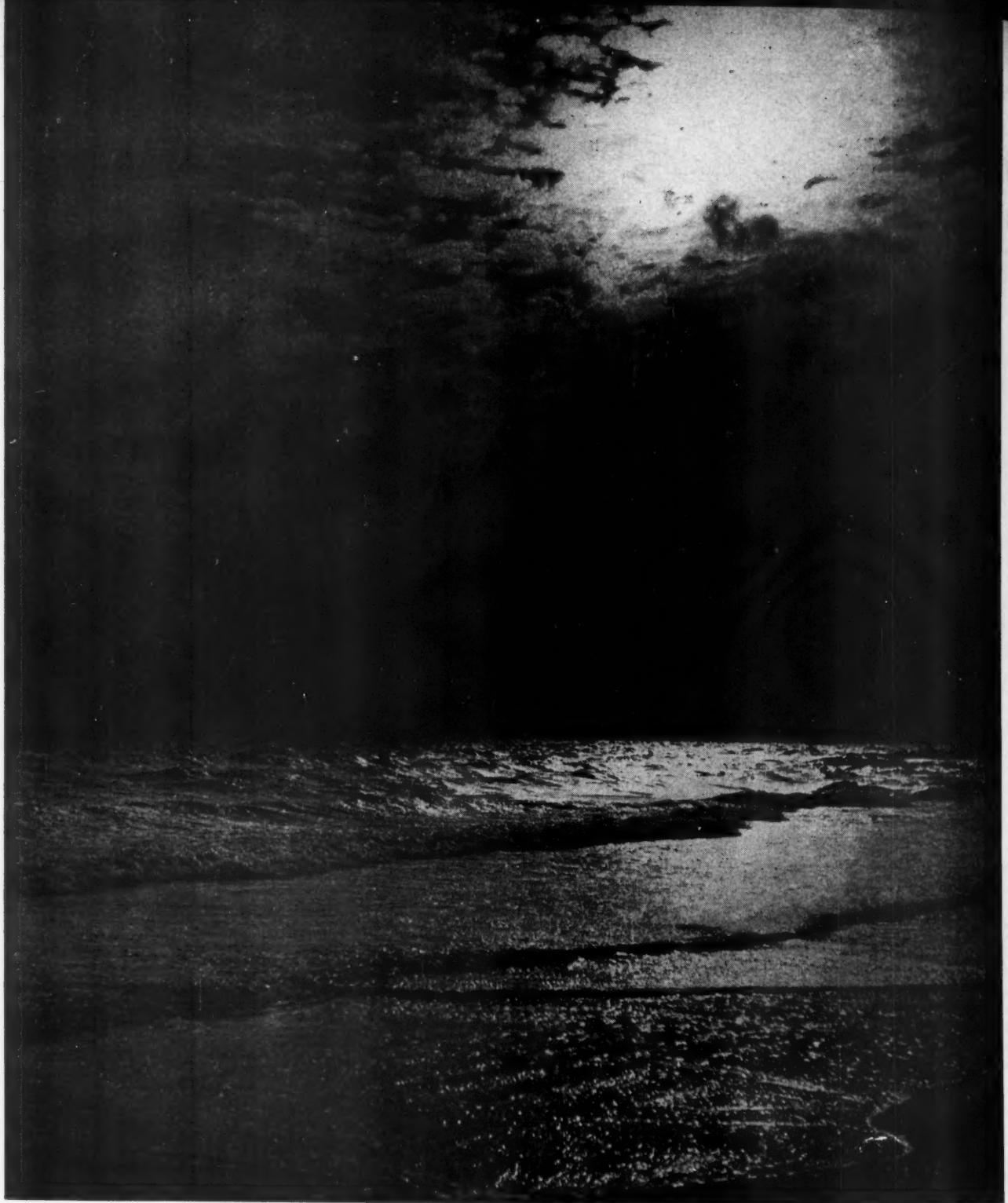
"Seven days we've been on this forsaken little rock and no relief in sight yet! When do we get off, Cap'n? When

will they find out where we are?"

The two men sitting by the edge of the surf turn to face the speaker. One of them, a young man who seems to be in command, slowly rises to his feet. Another of the card-players jumps up.

"Swede's right, Cap'n. Seven days of misery, eatin' snails and clams and bugs. Don't you think they saw the wreckage of our boat, when it floated into the north end of the harbor?"

"Yes, Cap'n," the youth puts in eagerly. "Are you sure the current that flows past here is the same one that



SECOND PRIZE SHORT SHORT STORY

By Bill Faulk

Natrona County High School
Casper, Wyoming
Teacher, Ruth Pettigrew

deposits all that drift in Elwood's harbor?"

The young man they call captain speaks slowly and deliberately.

"My lads, if that isn't the current, then there's no hope. There's very little anyway unless—unless—"

"Unless what, Cap'n?"

"Unless we can find something to float down on that current that would attract attention."

"But what, Cap'n? What?" Swede's voice betrays despair. "There's nothing floatable on this little rock that we haven't already set adrift."

The first mate, who has been sitting all this time, finally rises to his feet.

"Except for one thing, Swede, one of us. A human body!"

The others lift horrified eyes and draw back from the mate. The youth cries out, "The man doesn't live who could survive that distance."

"You're right, kid," the captain drawls slowly, then turns to the mate. "But John you're also right. A body, a-human body, is the only thing left to float. It's the only way out, boys. The mate and I have looked at it from every angle. One life gone is better—far better than five. And besides it would be a quick death."

The men look at each other, then drop their eyes. The captain begins to strip down, taking his boots off first.

"Wait, Cap'n, what are you thinking of?"

"I might as well last as long as I can, and besides the less weight the higher the—body will float in the harbor."

"No, Captain, it isn't your place to go." The mate strides toward him. "It is just as much my negligence as yours that we are here. It should be my penance to go."

"Wait a minute, both of you!"

The two leaders turn to face Swede.

"You say that one of us must go. Well, we're all in this together, why not leave it to Wyrd?"

Abe, one of the card-players, scoffs, "You Scandinavians and your Wyrd! But you have a point, Swede. Neither the captain nor the mate is really to blame. Why not leave it to fate or as Swede would say, Wyrd?"

An old grizzled sailor, who has taken

no part in the discussion before, holds up the deck of cards. "We can cut the cards. High man must go!"

"Sounds okay to me. How about it, Cap'n?"

The young leader looks hesitantly around at the gaunt faces of his crew.

"Is anyone against it?"

The men look at each other questioningly. The kid opens his mouth, but no words come. He swallows noisily and clamps his jaws shut. The old sailor begins to shuffle the cards methodically. The eyes of the men are centered on the horny hands manipulating the twinkling bits of cardboard that now hold life and death. The old sailor smiles grimly, then scatters the cards face down.

"Who wants to choose the first card?"

The men stare as if fascinated at the pile of scattered cards. Finally Swede shakes his head to rid himself of the hypnotic spell and reaches down to yank a card from the pile. He flips it over on its back, reveals the nine of diamonds. The mate and Abe both draw their cards, throw them down. They are the trey of clubs and the six of hearts. The young captain, wiping the sweat from his hands, carefully draws a card. He looks at it, then shows it to the others; the king of hearts.

"Well, looks like I go, after all," he says.

"Wait a minute!" Swede halts him. "The kid hasn't drawn yet."

The kid turns frightened eyes to them. "Oh please—"

"C'mon, draw!"

The youth hesitantly walks over to the deck of cards and stops. He looks about him into the fierce eyes of his shipmates, but can find no sympathy. A card, caught by a slight breeze, slithers over near his feet. He reaches down and peeks at the card, shielding it from the others.

"Well, c'mon! C'mon, let's see it! What is it?"

The kid doesn't move. Swede strides over angrily, turns the card face up on the sand. The ace of spades flashes in the sunlight.

"The death card!" someone murmurs in awe.

The kid turns a white, strained face toward them.

"You won't make me? No, no!" He draws back in terror. "I'm too young; I don't want to die! It's the captain's place—he said he'd go. You won't let them make me, will you, Cap'n? Stop 'em! I wanna live!"

Half sobbing, the kid begins to talk faster as the men close in.

"No!" the Captain's voice cuts through the tension like a knife and the men stop.

"He's right. It's my place to go. Good-bye boys—and bon voyage!"

His body flashes white in the sunlight as he dives into the bruising, pounding surf. The men rush to the edge of the beach, looking for him to come up, but can see nothing.

"A brave man!" one of them mutters.

"And a yellow coward!" snarls Swede, looking at the youth sobbing and sniveling on the sand. Seeing the look the mate gives him, the kid leaps to his feet and flees to the interior of the island in terror. The men look after him in contempt, then settle down to while away the time again. Swede sits looking moodily out over the pounding surf.

The day passes quickly and darkness falls. The men huddle together to escape the cold. There is no sign of the kid.

The night passes slowly. As the eastern sky begins to grey, the old sailor suddenly jumps to his feet.

"Isn't that a light on the horizon?"

The others run to the edge of the surf. "Yes! Yes! It's a ship! We're saved!" They dance up and down in joy and delirium.

"They must have found the captain's body." The mate's voice is solemn and the others are quiet at this grim reminder. The ship looms larger and larger as it nears the island and finally it puts about. A small boat manned by four rowers pulls toward the beach. As the boat nears the beach, the men wade out into the water and clamber over the sides.

"Are we all aboard?" one of the rowers asks.

"Yes, that's all," Swede answers quickly.

The old sailor starts to say something, but he chokes off at the fierce look in Swede's eyes. The boat turns about and makes for the waiting ship. One of the rescuers rests on his oar and cocks his head to peer through the dim light toward the island.

"I thought I heard someone yell from the beach," he says.

"Impossible!" Swede says. "Tend to your rowing or you'll have us capsized in this surf!"

The oarsman looks at him in uncertainty, but bends back to his rowing. All are soon aboard the rescue ship.

From the beach, the kid watches the lighted ship moving out to sea. He lets out another frantic yell, then sobs to himself, "It's no use. They can't hear me."

He stands helplessly, watching the light that is the ship grow smaller and smaller in the distance. The surf pounds like thunder at his feet and he staggers back to the sand in despair.

INSIGNIFICANT, at least until the war started, small and rather quaint-looking to an outsider, that was my home town. Not even important enough to name after someone, it became at the moment of its birth merely "The Second"—El Segundo. An oil refinery and a few oil wells gave the town its name, for situated within its narrow boundaries was the second Standard Oil Refinery to be built in California. It was a laborers' town; the stillmen and labmen and ordinary workers were the ones who built their homes in the shadow of the great tanks and towering well superstructures that made it possible for them to earn an honest living. The more important men, the "misters" of the place, lived in cosmopolitan Los Angeles and went to shiny desks each day in shiny cars. So began El Segundo, huddled between U. S. Highway 101 on the East and the tall, fat sand dunes that fell white into the blue Pacific on all other sides.

It was never a resort town, as were so many of its neighboring beach towns on the southern coast. It never dared the dunes, but stayed nestled in its own sandy hollow, waiting for someone to notice it, and soon dozing off when no one did. It had a small "downtown" section, consisting of a few grocery stores and a dusky, dinky department store run by the white-haired old man and his gentle half-blind wife who lived in the back of the store.

From the beginning there had been the inevitable gas station, and after a while, two, although nobody in town knew how they both kept going. There was a drugstore, run by the wealthiest, most influential man in town, and it had a soda fountain, presided over by a steady stream of high school boys who needed quick money. The three grocery stores were owned by three bald old men who played pinochle together every Tuesday evening for forty-five years. The clerks changed yearly. The senior boys clerked at Smith's or John's or Jensen's, and as soon as they graduated went to work for the Standard.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY

By Eve Kennedy, 17

St. Joseph Academy
Des Moines, Iowa
Teacher, Sister Mary Athanasius

Generations of men poured their life's blood into that black gold. Son followed father until their lungs collapsed, full of the greasy black residue that got into their very skins after thirty years of work. It killed them all in the end, but they couldn't stop, even before they began, even while knowing that the odds were completely against them. It was their life. It gave them their very existence. So while small children chewed the pure, gleaming tar their fathers brought home from the plant, weary mothers scrubbed into countless days, trying to rid clothes and skin of the greasy grit that fed them. Yet not all were poor. In fact, there were only two "poor" families in town, and they never went hungry. The men all made the same money, a few a bit more and a few a bit less, but never enough more or less to make any difference.

But these people knew culture. They were prouder of the big up-to-date library than of any other thing in town. They knew good literature and fine music and were not ashamed to admit it. Neither did they brag, for such things were a part of their lives. It never dawned on them that it was unusual for a small town to have weekly meetings where Bach, Shakespeare, and current events were discussed with equal aplomb by everyone.

Saga of "The Second"

They wanted their children to know these things as they did, and so they built one of the finest public schools in Southern California. They made sure the faculty was sturdy in its beliefs of what was right and wrong, good and bad. They made sure the teachers liked teaching, that each teacher was satisfied, and then paid them more than any other town had ever thought of. They let the teachers live their own personal lives. The only thing the people were interested in was that their six hundred children receive the right kind of schooling. The result—the only replacements to be made were caused by death, until the war. Only the school board and the teachers themselves knew that nearby universities had tried more than once to hire a good part of the town's faculty. But the teachers were happy. They liked their jobs. They were paid well. They stayed.

The people wanted their children to know the practical side of life, too, so

ESSAY 1ST PRIZE

Eve Kennedy says she learned at an early age to despise dishes, washing ears, and arithmetic. She cultivated an allergy to household dust and still sneezes at a mop. The eldest of five children, she can pursue her favorite hobby, reading, in the midst of any tempest. Temporary deafness affects her the minute she touches a book. The turning point of her life was boarding school in her sophomore year. She expects another in August, when she goes to Arabia to live with her parents.



ESSAY 2ND PRIZE

Joseph Pacheco was born in New York City in 1930 of Puerto Rican parents. In 1947 he lived in Puerto Rico and continued his high school education there. It was then that he resolved to concentrate on his writing. His hobbies are chess, listening to Be-bop and the works

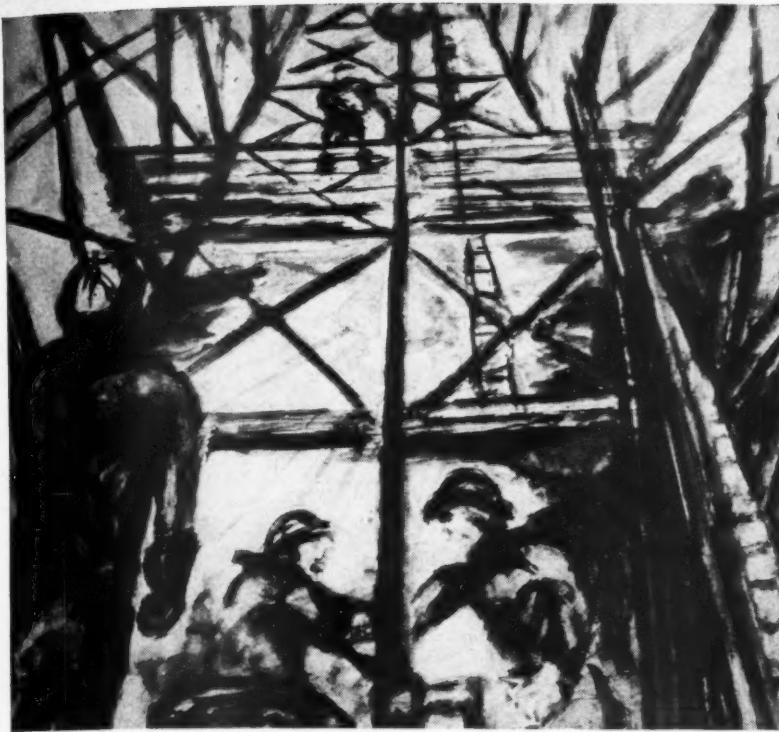


of modern symphonic composers, playing handball, and watching the N. Y. Giants at work. He is on the literary staff of the magazine at Seward Park H.S., New York City, and hopes to enter Columbia University.

ESSAY 3RD PRIZE

Until she entered Windsor H.S., Connecticut, where she is a junior, Sue Rivenburgh says she spent 13 uneventful years. She read, wrote, drew a little, and daydreamed a lot. She has no regular hobbies, but is a member of the school choir, the Glee Club and the Writing Club. She occasionally dabbles in water colors and pastels, and collects ancient religious legends and customs. The rest of her time is occupied with basketball, riding, and swimming, but not too vigorously.





Water color by Phill Carroll, 16, of North East H. S., Oklahoma City, Okla., won Ingwersen State Award for Oklahoma, \$25, in 1949 Scholastic Art Awards.

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the girls learned all the tricks of cooking and sewing. They could plan good diets and smart wardrobes for the whole family. The boys learned to use their hands, to make things of wood, steel, or whatever was handy. They learned to make gasoline engines do things nobody dreamed they could. And then the boys and girls switched classes. Today many town homes are happier because Dad can get dinner when Mom is tired, and Mom knows what makes the car run, and isn't quite so vague in her manner of driving.

The kids help themselves, too. Before any of this juvenile delinquency talk started, the younger generation of El Segundo began a fund for the "Rec Hall." Today it stands in the center of downtown, a monument to kids who knew what they wanted and went after it until they got it. The ballroom, banquet hall, card room, and bowling alley aren't used only by teenagers, though. That would be selfish. Moms and Dads turn the place inside out every Wednesday night.

There is another side to their life, the religious side. No one ever talks about Jews or Catholics or Negroes. In this town there are no such things. One realtor dared put up a sign which advertised in large letters that "No Jews, Japs or Niggers need apply." The following Hallowe'en someone did a neat job of burning the sign to the ground. Nothing of that sort was ever seen again. These people don't talk racial and religious freedom, they live it. Everyone takes church and Sunday school for granted, and when the Methodists have a chicken supper, the

whole town turns out en masse. The same thing happens at the annual Catholic barbecue and the Baptist watermelon feed. Of course they go. Why shouldn't they?

The town is far from perfect. It has its share of gossipy women and pompous men. It has its town drunkard and a full quota of abstainers, too, though it is far from a dry town. All three grocery stores and the drugstore carry hard liquor, and sell it, too; but when someone from out of town set up a saloon he went broke. Simply no business. If people drank, they drank at home.

This was the town of El Segundo on a warm, sleepy Sunday afternoon in December, 1941. Then suddenly phones all over town began to ring, and the fire whistle sounded louder than it ever had before. War! Overnight the town changed.

Young men and old went to defend their country. The Standard raised wages again and again but it was no use. All the men were gone, and the boys now entered the service as soon as they were out of school. The war licked the Standard. People knew it was really serious because for the first time in history women worked at the Plant. The Standard goes on, but its dignity will never be the same.

Then came the military: the Army, the Marines, but most of all the Navy and Air Corps. Only a few miles from San Pedro, one of the biggest naval ports in the United States, and with the Los Angeles Municipal Airport forming its East Side boundary, El Segundo began to know her military.

Everyone knew what the patches, ribbons, and stripes on khaki and blue sleeves meant within a month after the war started.

Following the soldiers and sailors came their wives, and the townspeople opened their homes to them. The housing shortage began to tighten up. The war was getting closer.

Then came the aircraft factories—Douglas, Northrup, Harvill, North American, Lockheed, to mention only a few. They settled in the bean fields, crouched close to the airport. With the factories came the people—Okies, Arkies, people from Iowa and Montana, people from everywhere. Men went from door to door looking for a place to sleep. With these people drifted the grifters, the get-rich-quick men, the rabble-rousers, but they didn't last long. The townspeople were decent, and if the people who came to town weren't decent, they just left; very quietly it is true, but nevertheless they left. Juvenile delinquency was the main topic of interest in other parts of the nation, but El Segundo had none. The recreation buildings and centers going up all over the states were nothing new to the town. They'd had theirs eight years.

The biggest thing the war did for the town was to put it on the map. Lying in the center of a ring of big aircraft factories, naval ports, and air fields, besides having the largest oil refinery in California within her city limits, the town suddenly had become very important, indeed. When the Japanese managed to sneak a sub up the coast and tried to shell the town, the people were more proud than afraid. Imagine! Little El Segundo's being big enough for the Japanese to think about.

The war wasn't as hard on the town as it could have been. Of all the sons and daughters the town sent to war, only five failed to return. To be sure, the housing shortage was bad, but there were four square miles of new houses and gardens. Of course, the war cost money, but it brought money, too, and El Segundo's downtown section has grown until Main Street is lined on both sides with gleaming new stores. More people meant more churches and there is one on almost every corner of Concord Avenue. The dunes were nice but they cut off the ocean and resort trade. So a huge hyperian pump pushed out the dunes, and five miles of shining white sand and clear blue water stand invitingly cool on a warm day.

Again El Segundo waits for recognition, and if it doesn't come she'll go back to the way she was before and use the things prepared for others, herself. The only difference is that the town won't be dozing any more. She's had her nap. El Segundo is wide awake.

FIRST PRIZE SHORT STORY

By **Marlene Bamert**

West Side High School
Newark, New Jersey
Teacher, William D. Herron

CASE #637

IDON'T know why I'm sitting in front of this typewriter, nor do I really know why I've decided to record the facts of my life. The idea came to me suddenly, and now there seems to be nothing strong enough to erase it from my mind.

It seems odd, doesn't it? Well, it is odd. Why in the world would any normal person suddenly want to write down his or her history for no particular reason? I don't know, unless, unless I'm *not* normal. But, no! I am normal. I am. I am. It's the others. They don't understand. That's the only trouble. They just don't understand!

I'm in an institution. A place for those "sick in the mind." That's just a polite way of saying insane. But I'm truly not insane. If I were, would I be able to record my thoughts as they occur in my mind? Would I have control over my thoughts, my actions, or my heart? Would I? Or are you one of those who don't understand? One of those who *won't* understand?

It all began when I was very small. I didn't notice that my mother and father were different from the neighbors in the downtown district where we lived. I was too busy playing, having fun, living my own life. Of course, there were days that I would spend alone. These days came along often. Too often to suit me. Usually I would find refuge in my bedroom, after the kids had teased and taunted me, calling my father cuckoo, and making motions with their hands to their heads. It was horrible, and even worse, for I was very sensitive. Always crying. Always brooding. Always cringing in fear as my mother and father entered the house, after being gone for sometimes days at a time.

Finally, when I was about ten years old, I was rescued from my living hell. But it wasn't as wonderful as I had expected it would be. I wasn't placed in a home with a real mother and father as I had hoped, nor was I placed in an orphanage.

When I awoke after a long and

ugly sleep that seemed to have lasted for centuries, I was in a hospital. Doctors and nurses were talking everywhere, and for a long time their babbling meant nothing. Nothing at all. Then with a flash I remembered everything. And oh! how I wished I hadn't . . .

I had decided to go to bed at about nine o'clock, for it was cold in the house and I was alone. I was frightened and thought the best place was in my bed. I slept for a while; at least I think I was sleeping. All of a sudden the door flew open, and I heard my father's laughter fill the rooms of our small apartment. Mother was with him, and they were arguing something terrible. Worse than they ever had. Daddy was acting queer, and mother was having a terrible time trying to control him. I had just decided to go into the kitchen to help her when her screams froze me in my tracks. Her shrilly pitched voice pleaded again and again, "No! No!" Why she was pleading I didn't know at the time. Had I known, all might be different now.

Daddy kept laughing, and the noise and confusion in the other room were deafening. Then as suddenly as it had started the chaos subsided. I slipped on my robe and slippers and quietly walked to the kitchen. The sight that met my eyes is one that I could never fully describe. It was horrible, grotesque, ugly.

Blood was spattered on all the walls, and chairs were overturned. But what shall remain in my mind to torture me for the rest of my days was the sight of my parents sprawled on the floor. Both with the cold, icy look of death written over their faces.

Father must have had one of his fits, for he had stabbed mother with the bread knife and then plunged the blade deep into his own chest. I know not what possessed me, but I ran into my room sobbing. Then I quickly got dressed and ran out of doors into the black, inky, merciless night, leaving the

scene of destruction and death far behind me.

I must have run quite far, for it seemed eternities before exhaustion forced me to fall to the cold pavement. The snow flakes fell on my face and blurred my vision, but I could see enough to know that a crowd was gathering about me, and the last thing I remember was a stout policeman standing over me and ordering someone to call for an ambulance.

When I lay wide awake in the noisy hospital ward I fitted the pieces of conversation together. "Found almost frozen—must be a child, perhaps no parents." Ha! I laughed to myself—if they only knew—what would they say—what would they do—if they only knew—

The conversation continued and I listened to every word; but it was hard for the woman on the next bed was yelping and hollering and no one was paying any attention to her continuous requests for something to drink. Then one of the nurses spied my open eyes and came hurrying toward me before I could close them and feign sleep.

She took hold of my arm, not too carefully, and took my pulse. "Normal," she decided, and slowly sat down on the small chair beside my bed. A tall, dark doctor came over and I decided then and there that I liked him. He looked so pleasant. Something like the type of man I had always wished my father would be—my father—the word hurt deep down. I wondered if anyone had found the bodies, or if they were still alone in that icy kitchen with its blood-spattered walls. The thought of the sight I had witnessed just a few hours before caused my eyes to well with tears, just as the doctor smiled at me.

Both he and the nurse must have thought I was lost for he said, "Poor kid, she's probably lost, and right now those tears are being shed because she's homesick. Right?"

"Homesick!" Ha! The word struck



Story illustrated by Max Ginsburg, 17, H.S. of Music and Art, N. Y. C., winner of a Society of Illustrators Award.

like a bolt of lightning. Homesick? Never—Just sick of home. That was it. Sick of home . . . With these words a wonderful plan entered my ever-working brain. Suppose I played dumb? Suppose I played that I couldn't remember a thing about my past? It sounded good to me, and my first opportunity to use it came just that instant, for the nurse was asking "What's your name, honey? Don't be afraid. C'mon now. Tell us. Where do you live? What's your name? Where do you live? What's your name?"

I'LL never actually remember how many times I was asked that question, but I'll always remember how I sat tight-lipped, with a blank look on my face each time I heard it. I wasn't going to tell this nice doctor that I had never had a decent home. I was ashamed to tell anyone what went on in a home where a child was present. I wouldn't tell anyone anything. My mind was made up, and I was determined to stick by my decision. I did.

A few days passed, and then one day while the nurse was combing my hair and trying to coax me to talk, she told me that a photographer was coming to take my picture. I had no idea what for, but I wasn't going to ask. Soon after my lunch of soup, vegetables, bread, and milk, a man loaded with all types of paraphernalia entered the ward, accompanied by the doctor, and the two made straight for my bed. I smiled at the doctor, but that was all. So far my plan was working fine, and I wasn't going to spoil it now. No one was going to know anything about me, or where I had come from.

The photographer had set up his camera in front of my bed and now was trying to coax a smile from me. It was so long since I had really smiled that I was afraid I had forgotten how, and so at first I just stared at him with an expressionless look. He fumbled in his pocket and handed me a pack of lollipops. I really smiled then. He seemed so pleased, and so did Doctor Friend. (That wasn't his true name, but that's what suited him. So in my own private, inaudible conversations with him I called him that.)

I chose a green lollipop and carefully placed the rest of them under my pillow. I unwrapped it slowly and placed it in my mouth. Then I turned toward the camera and gave the nicest and biggest smile I was capable of giving. Both men seemed quite happy to see me in this frame of mind. I had decided to behave myself and smile all day when again I caught myself listening to a conversation concerning me.

The photographer was saying to Doctor Friend, "Oh, we're sure to find someone who will claim her, now that we'll have her picture in the paper. Maybe the parents have been trying to locate her without the assistance of the police force. It's funny though, how she won't talk, huh?"

"Yeh," Doctor Friend agreed, as he glanced my way.

I pretended I wasn't listening to him and busily sucked my lollipop. They continued talking.

"She's a cute kid, too. I wonder who she belongs to? I wonder what her name is? Boy! she certainly likes those lollipops. Y'know, she needs a name . . . All we have on her chart is a big question mark, and Case #637. Hey! How about calling her 'Lollipop'? It sure fits her anyway."

Both agreed, and the photographer took his pencil and plainly marked "Lollipop" on my chart, directly under Case #637.

I liked the name, but I didn't like the idea of my picture plastered on the pages of a newspaper. Maybe Doctor Friend would find out about my past. Maybe one of my parents was still living. Maybe they would send me back to that horrible house. I wouldn't go. I definitely wouldn't go back there for anything in the world. I was a new person. My name was no longer Grace Morris. My name was Lollipop, and I liked it so much because Doctor Friend had given it to me. That night I closed my eyes wondering about the results my picture in tomorrow's paper would bring. The next day I knew.

About nine o'clock I saw a familiar face through the stained window in the ward door. It was my neighbor, Mrs. Chelsey. Oh, how I hated her now. She told on me. She told Doctor Friend where I came from. She told that she was my neighbor in that awful tenement section. Oh, how I hated her now. I always had hated her kids. They were the meanest ones around, and the worst tormentors, but now I hated their mother even more.

She walked over to my bed and as she sat down she took a dirty, wrinkled handkerchief from her coat pocket and proceeded to cry. Doctor Friend quickly walked over and tried to comfort her, but the odor of alcohol on her breath caused him to draw back.

He took both my hands in his and explained that both my parents had "gone away." Not once did he mention how they had "gone away." He told me that I would be placed in an orphanage just as soon as I was well enough. He said that I'd like it there. All the while he was speaking that

stupid Mrs. Chelsey was nodding her messy head in agreement and dabbing her "alligator tears."

She was so filthy, so terribly dirty. It was hard to realize that just a few days ago I would have accepted her in this condition and thought nothing of it. But now I thought of her five children at home in the dirty apartment. I didn't like them much, but one can't let hate block out pity.

After the two had left me, I lay my head on the clean pillowcase and closed my eyes. I didn't sleep, but I did a lot of thinking for a child of ten. I thought of the many children of my own age who were miserable. The Chelsseys, the O'Bryons, the dirty alleys where seven-year-olds learned to smoke and swear. The filth in the streets and the back rooms of the candy stores. The lies and stories made up about the innocent, and the hate that filled every nook and cranny. It was horrible and I was so very glad to be away from it now. There was not one case, one parent who had ever shown a bit of love for his offspring. I guess that's the reason I could feel no sorrow for the loss of my parents. They had been no different.

A few days later, right after supper, the nurse came in and started to dress me in a new dress. It was the prettiest dress I had ever had on. It was a pale pink, with the tiniest pearl buttons on the lace collar. There were socks to match and a big hair ribbon that she pinned to my dark curls. When she was all finished with me she took me to the nurses' room and allowed me to look in a mirror that was twice as big as I was. I was thrilled. I had never realized that I could be so pretty.

THE nurse called me Grace now, and I wanted to scream at her each time she said it. That was part of my past and I wanted to forget as much of it as I could.

Doctor Friend met us at the entrance of the hospital with a brown coat and bonnet in his arms. He put these on me, talking to me all the while in his kind voice. I loved him so much. He took my hand and together we walked out of the hospital and entered a big black car with a gray haired woman at the wheel.

"Miss Summers," the doctor said, "this is Lollipop. Lollipop, this is Miss Summers. You two are going to see a lot of each other at the orphanage, so I advise you to become friends." He finished with a wink in my direction.

Miss Summers tried her best to become my friend, but I kept on with

my act. No one was putting me up for adoption. No one was going to put me in a place where I'd be offered to parents. I had seen a lot of homes with parents where I had come from and I didn't like the idea at all. In fact, the more I thought about parents and home-life and my experience with them, the less I liked the idea that someday someone at the orphanage might take a liking to me and want me for his own. I could never stand to live with parents again. I disliked them all intensely and my mind was made up to make them feel the same way about me.

After a short ride, the car came to a halt in front of a large brick building. A huge sign hung over the entrance. It read, "State Home for Orphans." As the car door opened, Doctor Friend realized that he hadn't thought of boots for me, and as the streets were very slushy from the snow, he lifted me out of the car and carried me into the building.

This was the last time I ever allowed my emotions to be displayed in public. I clung to the doctor's neck, and wouldn't let him put me down.

I hadn't talked for nearly a week, but now my voice came out with a note of pleading in it. I begged him not to leave me. I kissed him again and again, and screamed in his ears that I loved him. He didn't seem to hear, for he just whispered over and over, "Don't, Lollipop, don't."

Two women came over to us and savagely pulled me from his arms. They held me by the wrists as Doctor Friend knelt beside me and tried to comfort me. He took from his pocket a pack of lollipops and his handkerchief. One woman let go of my arm just long enough for me to take these, then she again tightened her grasp. The doctor kissed me on the forehead, then walked toward the door.

As it closed and I no longer saw him I pulled myself out of the women's arms and ran to the window. I

screamed for him and pleaded for him to take me with him. I pounded on the glass with my fists till they hurt. I cried until I could barely see him as he slowly turned around and waved. I could see his lips move and I know that he was saying, "Goodbye, Lollipop, be good." With this, he climbed into the car and rode out of sight.

Then and there I decided that there was no true love in this world. How could there be when one I had loved so dearly shunned me now? I hated the world and everyone was going to know it.

I DON'T know how long I lay by that window sobbing as though my already battered heart would break. It seemed ages before the lady with the grey hair, Miss Summers, had me brought before her in a large office. I wiped my eyes with Doctor Friend's handkerchief and slowly lifted my eyes.

She spoke in a low monotone. Her main idea was to try to get me adopted, I thought, and I wanted nothing to do with parents. She said, "Grace, or would you rather be called Lollipop?" She waited for my answer so long that I decided I had better answer, besides I hadn't spoken in so long I was afraid I had forgotten how. I answered, "Please, Lollipop."

She smiled victoriously and I hated her for it. We had a long conversation, with her doing most of the talking, and I looked about the office while I listened.

It was a pretty place. Like a place I had seen in a movie one time at a church social. There were plants everywhere. I especially noticed the plants, for there had been no plants or flowers in my old neighborhood. The rugs and curtains were pretty, too, and their coloring went so nicely with Miss Summers' gray hair.

After she had finished speaking she rang for one of the women who had held me from Doctor Friend. This

woman escorted me to a room filled with beds, and in each bed there was a girl about my age. Most of them were sleeping, but those who were awake lifted their heads to see what their new "inmate" looked like. We walked down the aisle and stopped at the bed that was to be mine. It had on a blue bed spread. The bed next to mine had a pink one, and so it went down the rows. It was a nice room. Much nicer than I had expected. The lady gave me a pair of gray pajamas, stood there while I undressed, and waited while I put them on. Even though I was dead tired, she showed me a drawer that would be mine and the space that I would have in the huge closet. Then she allowed me to go to bed. As soon as my head hit the pillow I fell asleep, only to be haunted by the death scene of my parents.

The next morning, while the other thirty-six girls were getting dressed, I lay in my bed watching. A small girl who slept in the bed next to mine carried a blue-gray uniform over to me and said that Miss Summers had sent it. I dressed and Jane, the small girl, took me by the hand. Together we marched into the dining room for breakfast.

After eating, we could play in the big yard until lunch time. This first day Jane introduced me to all her friends and pointed out those girls that I should stay away from. We had a game of tag and then made a snowman that the boys immediately knocked down, even though the instructor forbade them to come on the girls' side. You see, we were separated and we very seldom saw each other at close range. I was glad, for most of them were fresh anyway. Soon after this episode we lined up for lunch.

It was nice to eat in a room full of smiling faces. Jane and I had become good friends and Miss Summers allowed me to sit next to her. After lunch Miss Summers rose from her seat, explaining that she had an an-

STORY 1ST PRIZE

Marlene Bamerl became interested in writing at the age of ten, when she was in the fifth grade. At that time she wrote poetry, most of which, she says, was just readable. However, encouraged by her father she continued to write and in the eighth grade won an honorable mention in an essay contest, which further encouraged her. She became interested in short stories as the result of a class assignment. Her greatest ambition is to write a book about her grandmother.



STORY 2ND PRIZE

Robert Clemons was never so completely surprised in his life as when he learned that he was one of the Writing Awards winners. Aside from writing, he is interested in a number of other things. Most prominent on this list are photography, fishing, all types of music from Bach to Be-bop, and people. He was born in Houston, Texas, and has lived there all his life. He is senior class president at Lamar Senior H. S., and editor of the Orenda, the school yearbook.



STORY 3RD PRIZE

Josephine Crawford is vice-president of the National Honor Society and a member of the Student Council at Roxbury Twp. H. S., Succasunna, N. J. Her activities also include reporting for the school paper and public speaking; hobbies are writing, music, sports, and reading. She expects to enter Wheaton College, Ill., this fall, and plans to study Christian Education with the hope of becoming a missionary. To help finance her college courses she works after school.



nouncement to make. She then introduced me to the entire group as Lollipop. I was so pleased.

We had lessons after that, and all my teachers called me Lollipop.

At least two weeks went by this way. Getting up at seven, routine pleasure and lessons during the day, interrupted only by meals, and going to our pink and blue bedroom at 8:30. It was fun and I liked it very much.

It was on a Wednesday that it happened. I remember, because we were going to have a special art class and Jane and I were so thrilled.

I was called out of my grammar class by a message carried by one of the older girls, one who had never been adopted. I hoped that I could be just like her. I liked it here so much. The girl took me to the dormitory and told me to put on my pink dress, the dress Doctor Friend had given me. I was almost finished dressing when Jane and three other girls came in to put on their "show dresses," as they called them.

I wondered why they were so excited and Jane told me. We had been chosen to go to Miss Summers' office to be interviewed by persons wishing to adopt a child. That's why we were putting on our prettiest dresses, our "show dresses." I almost went out of my mind then. I wouldn't go, I said, but Jane and the others finally talked me into it. They seemed to think it was just grand. I thought it was just too horrible. We were going to be put on display, just like animals, and I didn't want any part of it.

I WALKED silently down the corridor while the other four jabbered away with all their might. They were actually pleased about the idea. Perhaps they didn't understand. Jane couldn't. Her parents had died when she was just a baby. She was too young to realize how cruel parents were.

After the other girls had fixed their ribbons and smoothed their dresses we entered the office. The office looked the same as it had when I had first come to this place. Miss Summers was sitting behind her big desk with the plants in the same places. The same picture of George Washington hung on the wall. The only things new were the two people sitting on the couch in the corner of the room, watching every move we made. I tried to stay in back of Jane as much as possible, but it soon was my chance to be introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Kelly.

Miss Summers took my hand and led me to them saying, "This is our Grace, but we call her Lollipop. Say

hello to these nice people, Lollipop."

Mrs. Kelly reached out to touch me, but I drew back, as if afraid of being burned. The woman sensed my fright and a hurt look stole over her face. I really didn't want to be cruel, but it was just an inner fear that had a firm grip on me.

Miss Summers seemed annoyed, so I quietly but coolly said, "Hello." I turned to Mr. Kelly and gave him the same greeting.

The young couple talked to the other girls while I sat as still as possible on a green plush chair. When the interview was over and we were told to go back to our classes I was on the verge of crying. The tears had welled in my eyes. I was so frightened. What if the people decided they wanted me? They did.

ABOUT a week later I was again summoned to Miss Summers' office. This time no one was able to walk down the long corridor with me for I was the only one the Kellys wanted to see. My hands were clammy and my heart was pounding noisily. All my actions and thoughts added up to one thing—fear. A fear that grew with each step that took me nearer and nearer to the office.

I opened the door and as soon as I saw the Kellys sitting on the green plush couch I wanted to start running and never stop 'til I was far, far away.

Miss Summers took my hand, just as she had the last time, and slowly we walked over to Mr. and Mrs. Kelly. So many things flashed through my mind that I'll never remember half of them.

I said hello and then Miss Summers left the room, leaving me alone with these people who wanted to take me away. People who wanted to make my life miserable again. They got out of their seats and walked toward me, while I kept pulling back, pulling away from them. I didn't want them to touch me. I didn't want them near me.

The flashes began again in my mind. I saw again how my father beat my mother. I saw the kids in the neighborhood taunting me, teasing me. I saw the neglected Chelseys, the dirty O'Bryons, and then I saw the kitchen in which both my parents had been slain . . . Oh no! I wanted no more to do with parents.

By this time I was unconsciously screaming with all my might. It was no use. I could never, I would never have parents again.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelly tried to comfort me. They tried with all their hearts to make me stop. But I couldn't. It was

utterly impossible. I screamed and fought them off as they attempted to come nearer. I begged them again and again to go home, to let me alone. I pleaded hysterically and Mrs. Kelly began to cry. I don't remember how I got to my room again, for everything in the room began to whirl and then a heavy curtain blacked out my sense of sight. I awoke next morning in the dormitory.

At the age of thirteen they tried it again. This time it was even worse. I must have lost my mind, for I attacked the people in the office. I became very violent, swearing to kill anyone who would put me in a home with a mother and father. Couldn't they understand me? Couldn't they realize that even the word "parent" frightened me beyond description?

It was right after this "interview" that I was taken from the State Orphanage and placed in the mental institution. Again without a name. Again just Case #637. I've been here since. Almost four years.

THE people here try again and again to tell me that a girl of my age should have a mother and father, but I just laugh. That's my trouble, they tell me. I laugh too much. But I have to. Everything in life is so silly. So terribly dumb.

Right now, out of my window, I can see a woman pushing a baby carriage. Isn't that silly? She's a parent . . . What chance will the baby in the carriage have in life? Perhaps it's a Chelsey, or an O'Bryon. Perhaps this baby, too, comes from the downtown section of a city. Perhaps this baby, too, will witness the death of its parents. What chance will it have with parents?

My nurse has just entered, so I have to hurry to finish this. Everyone here thinks I'm just an advanced case of homesickness. I really laugh at this. I'm not homesick. I'm just sick of parents, sick of love, sick of home.

The woman with the baby carriage is far up the street. I'm really laughing now. I'm really thinking the impossible. I'm thinking that somewhere there might be some one parent who could be oh so loving, oh so kind. Someone, perhaps, like Doctor Friend. I still have and still treasure the handkerchief he handed me that day in the hospital. I'm using it now, for I'm laughing so hard I'm beginning to cry. Yes, perhaps somewhere there is a kind parent who would love me. Who would give me a name and not call me Case #637. Oh I'm not sick of home . . . I'm homesick . . . terribly, terribly homesick.

Summer Story



Water color by Mary M. Collins, 18, of Deering High School, Portland, Maine, won the Ingersoll State Award for Maine, \$25, in the 1949 Scholastic Art Awards.

I THINK the loneliest spot on earth is a bell buoy. Everyone knows of some object or place which fills him with emotion when he thinks of it. I would rather be near the bell buoy which marks a reef than anywhere else in the world.

I like to walk through the deep, damp sand to the dock. The boards of the wharf are uneven and rough and the float at the end tips as you cross it. The boat dips and flounders until the rope scratches through your fingers and the oars are in place.

The channel is darker than the rest of the water and the current is strong when the tides are changing, but now the motor shatters the pearly quiet and the prow lifts into the mist. The markers glide by, hoary with dew, with a waiting seagull on each. Here a yacht, sleek and strong, lazes in the mist, and here a fishing boat gives you a ride in its rolling wake. You round the point and turn to the sea.

The breakwater slides by, waves sloshing gently against its angular slabs. The seaweed floats just under the surface, and you reach for some. It is wet and slimy, and pops when you squeeze it. The last rock falls behind; you follow the open channel.

At its entrance is a can buoy. It reminds you of a fat businessman in a shiny serge suit. It has no function but to sit there and be useful and it looks rather dull and bored.

The sky and sea are all pearly grey and there is no horizon. Looking back, you see the stores, docks, and cottages,

all wet and yellow as if dipped in melted butter, like clams. A lone motorboat puts noisily between island and mainland, like a busy official all too aware of his duties.

* You turn toward the prow again, feeling the power of the swells as you slide through the smaller waves. Then there it is. A hazy spot appears, seemingly in the sky. You suddenly realize that you have been listening for the dull clang of its bells since you left the harbor.

A few gulls swoop in and out of the disappearing mist. The sun is now too bright to look at and the glare all around you hurts your eyes. The bottom of the boat is covered with water. It is lukewarm and sickly, but it feels good on bare feet. The sun burns on your arms.

You can see the buoy plainly now. It's an iron air-chamber about eight feet across, set low in the water. From this base rises a superstructure something like a radio tower, but smaller and more substantial. The sun glints off the black paint and the glass of the light. The bells are much louder now, but you know their tones don't carry back to the mainland.

You turn off the motor and drift in toward the buoy. High at the top the beacon flashes dimly against the sun's glare. You tie the boat to the buoy and climb up on the base. It's slippery and you get dizzy as it revolves and sways in the force of unseen currents. For an instant sails snap, rigging creaks, and a giant ship pushes on to the horizon. Then the illusion ends. A few gulls drift around you, searching for a lobsterman in hopes of a hand-out. One wheels past; you can see the smooth feathers pencilled with shadow.

The buoy vibrates when the bells ring, but now it feels quiet and almost solid beneath you. The black hemi-

sphere is sheltered and surrounded by four iron balls of varying weights, which dip as the buoy shifts and sways.

You were facing the mainland, but now you can see the sound. The sun is rippling at a few remaining tatters of fog. A pleasure craft glides sleekly by, nosing for the channel. Out past the horizon, suspended in fog, a tramp steamer and a barge pass and blend their smoke.

The buoy swings you back past the hot sun to the shore. You climb into the awkwardly wallowing boat and row off. The one last look reveals the bell swinging, the light glowing and receding dimly.

The motor sputters and roars. The waves rush by more quickly than before. You're heading into an offshore breeze and the ocean doesn't smell as clean. The island is small and bright in the distance.

On the tip of the long finger of rock is a huge house, dull green and stark. It is forlorn and windswept. The side toward the sound is almost a solid wall of windows, and you imagine with a thrill the spray beating at them during a storm.

As you round the island, you wave to clam-diggers. You try to touch bottom as you leave the channel. The mud is cool.

Lobstermen pass behind you on their way to the town dock, their work done until evening. The islanders are all up and around. You hear neighbors calling. As you walk along the dock, you can smell dinners cooking.

The grass is coarse and sharp in the lane. Heat beats on the sand and a dry wind stirs the roses. The chorus of grasshoppers dins in your ears. Between two cottages, you see a yacht nosing out into the sound. In your memory is an experience to live with—a visit to a bell buoy.

THIRD PRIZE ESSAY

By Sue Rivenburgh, 16

Windsor High School
Windsor, Conn.
Teacher, Mrs. Aileen F. Dike

the Poetry AWARDS



Oil painting by Dick Beale, 16, of Redford High School, Detroit, Michigan, won Third Prize, Group 11, \$15, in the 1949 Scholastic Art Awards.

FIRST PRIZE POETRY

Barbara Murray Holland, 15

Woodrow Wilson High School
Washington, D. C.
Teacher, Mrs. Randolph

CHILDHOOD

I was born in Burning Tree,
A long way from here,
(Twisted orchards on a hillside,
And streams bitter-clear.)
Where the bushes in the twilight
Hold soft-footed fear.

I was born in Burning Tree,
Where the road ends,
I grew up wild, where
The thin birch bends,
With fear-in-the-bushes,
And the whippoorwills my friends.

There were other houses,
A mile or so away;
I could see their chimney-smoke
A wisp of gray,
From the hill behind my father's house
On any clear day.

I grew up in Burning Tree,
Barefoot in the hills,
I grew up with lowland fog
And swamp fever chills,
I grew up with foxes
And whippoorwills.

PERSEPHONE

Small and sullen, on the weed-grown
bank,
She trails her fingers in the stagnant
stream.
O summer on the curving hills of Sicily.
Her eyes are inward turned upon a
dream.

The only sound in hell's eternal dusk,
The far-off dip and swish of Charon's
oar,
Whence, under the fog that drips from
every branch
And shrouds the river, ripples wash
ashore.

She cannot weep the winters past for-
ever;
So long, so long the dark of winter
here,
She cannot tell if autumn's only past
or winter done
And springtime near.

MAP

Come away, you may not read my
poems;
I would not have you know
That I am a high-walled garden
Where you may never go.

A garden with brown leaves falling,
With rue and rosemary,
And you would find in my writing
Images of me,

A map of the high-walled garden,
With here, on the black pond,
A white swan, dreaming under
One willow frond.

The crumbling marble of fountains,
And perhaps two ghosts that pass,
Whispering under the willows
Like shadows on the grass.

Come away, come away from the wall!
By the pond white lilies stand,
And last year's leaves choke the grasses
On every hand.

SECOND PRIZE POETRY

Elissa Isaacson, 17

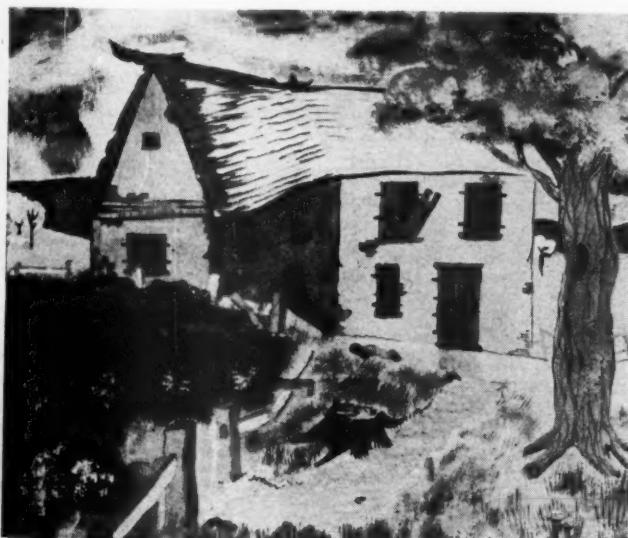
High School of Music and Art
New York City
Teacher, Herzl Fife

I BUILT A HOUSE

I built a house for all my thoughts
With wrought-iron gates, a marble hall
And rugs of intricate design.
Around the house I built a wall,
And on the gates I hung a sign:

"Unless you, too, are nicely wrought
With molded thoughts of metal fine
Like little golden rings to shine
Upon the fingers of my thoughts,
Don't come into this house of mine."

And all the people of the town
Walked round and round with careful
tread



Tempera by James Albright, 17, of Oak Park (Ill.) H. S., won an Ingersoll Regional Award for Illinois, \$25, in Art Awards.

And gazed up at it solemnly.
"This house is much too fine for me,
I dare not go inside," they said.

And then spring came with sudden
thaw,
The vines were green along the wall,
And through the leaves the people saw
The wrought-iron gates grow dull with
rust,
And webs of dust festoon the hall.

THE CHILD AND THE HOUSE

The spring sun crept along the floor,
But still the shuttered room was dim,
And when the child ran out the door
Nobody even noticed him.

And he was hungry for the spring,
And so the child became a tree.
And like a hungry, new-born thing
He drank the space of wind and sea.

His mother saw from dark inside,
And stifling love was in her call,
And so the tree within him died;
He blinked, and ran into the hall.

THE WANING MONTHS

This is the time when pigeons slowly
spin
The silver songs of summer into gray
And hollow rushes bend and brush a
thin
Despair across the dance of yesterday.
The hay forgets the harvest-sun; the
dead
Begonias at the window cannot speak.
Yet where I look a swallow flies ahead
With honeysuckle hanging from his
beak,
Heavy with grape and hot chrysanthemum,
Arim with peach and juice of bur-
nished plum.



Water color by Herbert Barber, 18, of Miami (Florida) H. S., won Ingersoll State Award for Florida, \$25, in the Art Awards.

THIRD PRIZE POETRY

Robert Kwit, 16

High School of Science
New York City
Teacher, Miss Rachel Povereny

ILLUMINATION

The breath of a match is short.
It is born in a moment of passion and
lives a million lives in one second.
It devours its own heart and is gone.

I have watched millions of matches.
I, too, have burned.
I have burned for endless nights—yet
there is much more to come.
No longer have I flame and brightness.
All I have is meditation.
I am deader than the burned out
match—yet I keep on burning.
My flame is dull.
I would rather be the burned out
match.

LIVING ROOM

I sat on the red plush couch alone. The
room was empty.
Sunlight came and played with moving
dust above a red rug.
Nothing moved. All was still. Quiet.
Resting. Waiting.
Waiting for life to come back. Sus-
pended.

I did not belong here. I was seeing
this room naked—
It had taken off its cloak of life.
I tried to think how it had been before,
how it would be later.
I remembered people, all kinds of
people.
I remembered fights I had had with my
brother, right here.



Chalk by Dolores Wharton, 17, Evanston (Ill.) Twp. H. S., won Third Prize, Gr. II.

And parties, and singing—all here.
And songs—everybody around the piano.
Old songs. Love songs. Army songs.
The piano wanted to play now.
It wanted to play Chopin and Debussy.
And Brahms.

The room was trying to tell me something.
It was saying that life was past, and life was in the future—
And life was on the outside—But life was not for me.
It was telling me to be passive to look on as it did—
To observe. To wait.

But I knew better.
I wanted to yell, to shout, to tell the room it was wrong.
I wanted to tell it that life was now—
That time was present—like the snap of fingers.
I wanted to show the room.
I wanted to kick something to show it.

But I didn't say anything.
I didn't even move.
Because I knew it was right.
I knew I could shout my head off and the room would still be right.
And I wanted to be as I was in this room forever—
I wanted to become part of the room.

FOURTH PRIZE POETRY

Mary Ellen Berneski, 16

Latrobe High School
Latrobe, Pa.
Teacher, Miss Mabel Lindner

MOOD 2

It used to be I didn't believe,
But today I saw.
I saw Heaven.
I felt Heaven all around me.
It felt like rose petals
And dawn
And great rolling singing soundless music
And sad sobbing smiles.
I knelt in trembling humbleness
And could not speak
Before the loveliness
And vast unutterable wonder
Of Heaven.
I saw Heaven.
And Heaven looked like
A black-haired boy in a red shirt.

MOOD 4

First Variation

Above,
Beyond,
Surrounding
My little lighted island,
Cool black nothingness
Of unfathomable
Night.
Now restless, dissatisfied, pushing
Day—
Day the dictator,
The tantalizer,
The nagger
Is gone.
And it is night—
Soft peace.
But—one, two, threefour—and
The darkness is disturbed
By a myriad
Of sparks—
The fireflies
Burn in ecstasy
At the mating.
They shine,
Pin pricks of lightning,
Flashing in ebony eternity;
Knowing eyes
Peering into dark wells of the mind;
Peeking at hidden, locked things—
Things like
A brown rose,
Merry-go-round music,
A crooked smile,
A stub that says
“K-3 Balcony,”
A toe-nail paring of moon,
A walk,
A voice,
A—
Oh why

Why
Why?
If only—
Oh if only—
But the mender-of-the-heart
Steps in
And chases the fireflies,
Saying sternly:
“Don't be a fool,
Force them back,
Lock them up tight,
All are dead, dead,
Dead!”
Now
The fireflies are gone
And the night is alone,
And I am alone.
And they are dead.
But
Answer me this,
Oh mender-of-the-heart,
Why must the dead
Haunt?

FOURTH PRIZE POETRY

Josephine Spivack, 17

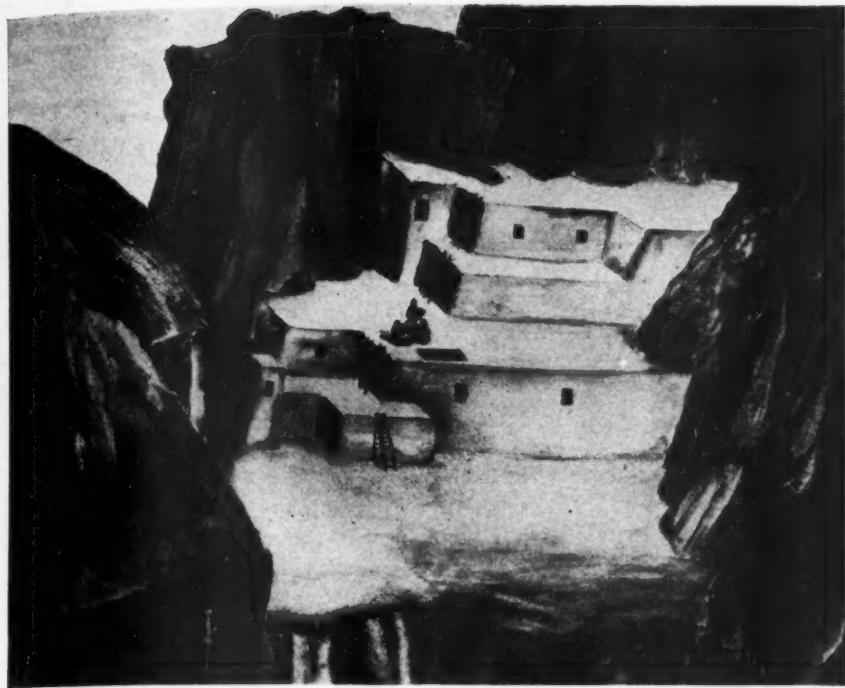
West Philadelphia High School
Philadelphia, Pa.
Teacher, Miss Georgina Melville

JULY

The sea is blue, the sky is blue
The waves are pencilled silver-gray
The budding forms of earth renew
Their lavish promise to the day.
Listen city, and hear the sound
The crystal hours are sliding by
The sun has slit the sky around
And knocked his hot white crown awry.
Turning suspended in the world
Between two spheres of discontent
And all the rope clouds round it twirled
Into a chain of nothing blent
Their gauzy forms in endless flight
Pushing and striving toward the light.

SONG OF A GIRL WHOSE LOVER CAUGHT A BIRD IN THE FOREST

For I am like that bird who, singing, knew
The sweetest freedom that it thought was real.
No love, no shining secret to conceal
High as it could, in the hushed woods it flew.
Shrilly it sang, “I to myself am true
And let the others in their haste reveal
Their open eyes their trembling lips that feel
One name is sweet to speak, one face to view.”
That was before your loving words had rung.
In me a newer sweeter song was born.
I could not pull away from what you'd sung.



Water color by Carlyle Backstrom, 18, of Idaho Falls Sr. High School, Idaho, won the Ingersoll State Award for Idaho, \$25, in the Scholastic Art Awards.

Oh love, I care not if my wings are torn.
Yes, I am like that bird to which you clung
Who did not even know enough to mourn.

These things I would perform at once,
In closing my surmise.
Inform the searching honeybee
And make the grub worm wise!

POSSESSED

You are so quiet and calm
In this cool dusk,
Beside this still pool,
Like a young roe at rest.
Your soft voice is soothing
To my ears.
And those strands of your hair,
Aflame with the setting sun,
Are an enticement
To my eyes.

Everything I am is yours;
You possess me completely.
I give you the ivory of my life
To carve.

FOURTH PRIZE POETRY

Irvin C. Swan, 18

Wilbur Wright High School
Dayton, Ohio
Teacher, Miss Rose Burckhardt

TO KNOW THE COURSE OF HICKORY GROWTH

To know the course of hickory growth,
To journey with the sap,
To be aware of amaranth,
And plot the garden's map.



POETRY 1ST PRIZE

Barbara Holland was born in Washington, D.C., and is one of a family of six half-brothers and sisters. She is now living with relatives in order to go to school in Washington, while her family lives in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. In the future,

she says, "I hope to get into Swarthmore College, but then, who doesn't?" Her chief interests are convertibles, riding along the capital's many bridle paths, and writing poems on the backs of envelopes—usually with lipstick.



POETRY 2ND PRIZE

Writing poetry is only one of Elissa Isaacson's many interests. Others are painting, interpretive dancing, and playing the piano. She likes to know what's happening to people all over the world, and says she feels strongly about making it a better place in which to live. She is interested in people, especially children, and feels this probably accounts for her desire to go into social work. She won first prize in a recent N.Y.C. Inter-High School Poetry Contest.

FOURTH PRIZE POETRY

Helen Rowe

West Seattle High School
Seattle, Washington
Teacher, Belle McKenzie

SEED

The seed was small and
The color of sand
It was wrinkled and old
In the youth of my hand.
The seed was small and
It couldn't know
Of weather, and insects
And a world's woe.
It had no brain
So it couldn't learn
Of drowning rains
And the sun's searing burn.
It had no eyes
And it couldn't see
The clinging weed
Or the robber bee.
It had no fear
When the soft winds blew.
It trusted God
And a flower grew.

THIS . . .

This I want;
A fast young horse,
Alert and honest,
Not too ready to shy his course,
Not too willing to stop and rest,
Always ready to run;
A horse whose speed needs holding
And the hot sun
Melting me and molding
Until the horse, the saddle, and I, are
one.

I want this quick surge of strength,
The willingness at the touch of my crop,
I must have this now, for at length
The sun, the earth, the horse, and I,
will stop.



POETRY 3RD PRIZE

Robert Kwit says he is interested in about everything he gets his nose into. This ranges from violin playing to football to pitching hay in the hot summer sun. Poetry, as he conceives it, means something subjective. When he reads a poem he wants

it to be something more than nicely twisted phrases. He wants it to have "heart." Many poets that he has met think in terms of effect only. Last year Robert took a fourth prize in poetry in the Scholastic Writing Awards.



COLLIER AWARD, Gr. III, Oil, by Angelo Stevens, 18, Lincoln H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. Angelo also won an Ingersoll Regional prize and second prize in oil. He received honorable mention in three other classifications.



FIRST PRIZE, \$50. Gr. III, Oil, by Selma Litt, 18, H. S. of Music & Art, New York.

1949 Art Awards

Winners



INGERSOLL REGIONAL AWARD, \$25, Gr. II, Oil, by Robert Schuenke, 17, Pulaski H. S., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



**INGERSOLL REGIONAL AWARD,
\$25, Gr. II, Water Color, by Gail
Smilay, 15, Walnut Hills, H. S.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.**



**FIRST PRIZE, \$25, GR. II,
Sculpture, by Almon J.
Smith, 18, Warren Easton
Boys' H. S., New
Orleans, Louisiana.**



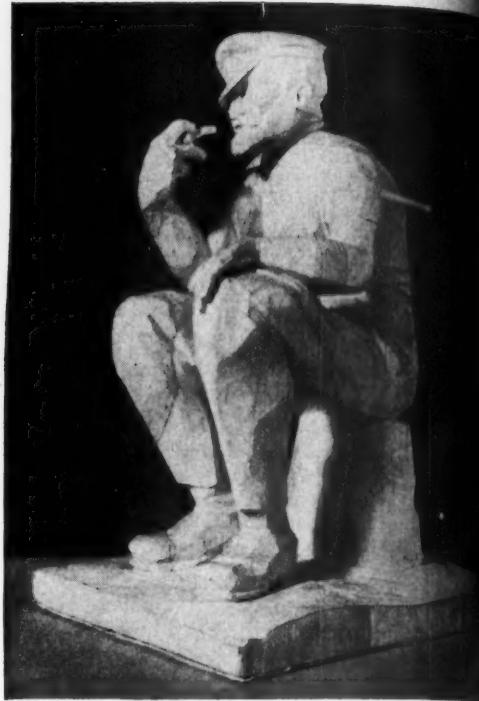
**INGERSOLL AWARD, \$100, Group III, Water Color, by Thomas W.
Bradley, 19, Cass Technical High School, Detroit, Michigan.**



**THIRD PRIZE, \$10, Group III, Tem-
pera, by Janet Schreier, 17, High
School of Music & Art, New York.**



SECOND PRIZE, \$15, Group III, Black Ink, by Shirley Klein, 18, Cass Technical High School, Detroit, Michigan.



THIRD PRIZE, \$10, Group III, Sculpture, by Nardo Adamo, 17, Baldwin (L.I.) H. S., N. Y.



FIRST PRIZE, \$25, Group II, Ceramics, by William Pahle, 19, Abraham Lincoln High School, San Jose, California. He also won an art scholarship for his portfolio, a Collier Award of \$100, and has two other ceramics in show.



SECOND PRIZE, \$10, Gr. II, Costume Design, by Genevieve Tomaszewski, 19, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, Mich.

**THIRD
Black reiter,**



FIRST PRIZE, \$25, Group III, Sculpture,
by Phyllis Amandolini, 16, Washington Irving High School, New York.



THIRD PRIZE, \$10, Group III, Colored Ink, by Frederick Packer, 17, Theodore Roosevelt H. S., Los Angeles, California.



THIRD PRIZE, \$10, Group III, Black Ink, by Olive Steckenreiter, Prospect Hts. H. S., N. Y. Tech. High School, Detroit, Michigan.



SECOND PRIZE, \$15, Group III, Prints, by William Gaugler, Cass Tech. High School, Detroit, Michigan.



FIRST PRIZE, \$25, Group III, Handcraft, by Ardell Thomas, 18, Minneapolis Vocational H. S., Minneapolis, Minn.



The Rookie

GUESS most of you read the story in the newspapers a few months ago about a baboon pitching for Twin Falls in the Cornbelt League. Well, I happen to know the inside story of how Joe, the baboon, that is, became the first primate in organized baseball. Before I go ahead, though, I had better tell you who I am. The name is John McGrew, and during the baseball season I manage the Twin Falls Polecats. Well, sir, it all started like this . . .

During last year's pennant drive my team, the Polecats, was battling tooth and nail with Lippy Johnson's Cannon City Tramps. As the season moved into the final weeks, we led the second-place Tramps by half a game. My pitching staff was shot. To make a pun, the Polecats were up a tree. To make matters worse, we were playing the Tramps the next day.

Worried sick, I decided to take a walk and wandered around down town. Suddenly I was rudely awakened from my train of thought by the gravel-smooth voice of Lippy Johnson, manager of our bitter rivals, the Tramps.

"Looks like you're going to need cheering up, John," he growls sly-like. "What for?" I reply.

"For the deodorizing job my boys are going to do on your Polecats," Lippy says cheerfully.

You can imagine how I felt. I was cut to the quick and I hit back with several witty and devastating remarks.

"My boys are going to make more runs than you can count on both your hands, Einstein," I says cuttingly. This is particularly humiliating to Lippy. He spent so many years in the third grade that he was shaving before the school decided it was time to give him a diploma.

When I have finished, Lippy's face is a bright red.

"Why you sawed-off little worm! I bet you ain't got the guts to back them words," he sputters.

Now I am really mad. No longer do I think rationally. In this moment of madness I blurt out something which is almost my undoing.

"Thousand skins says my Polecats trims your Tramps tomorrow. Put up or shut up," I yell.

"Okay, sucker! You've got a bet," Lippy growls. With that he turns and strides off down the street.

About this time I starts simmering down and realizes what I just done. Lippy had me up a tree, and I had just helped saw off the limb on which I was perched, speaking figuratively, that is. I had as much chance of beating the Tramps as Vassar would have playing a game of football with Notre Dame.

It's with these thoughts spinning in my brain that I turn my steps in the direction of the local zoo. The animals, I thinks, will be quieting. They don't have problems. On this particular day I headed for the monkey house, where I belonged. There seems to be a large crowd gathered in front of one of the cages, from which is coming the most unearthly noises you ever heard. My curiosity being aroused, I heads for the local disturbance.

The object of the crowd's goggling is the biggest baboon I ever seen. Of

course I see quite a few of the human variety, who call themselves ball players, but this one without a doubt is the biggest baboon I ever come across. It isn't his size which catches my eye, however. The baboon is hurling baseballs at weighted milk bottles about sixty feet across the cage. He never misses, and he throws every ball with such speed and force that every bottle is knocked down. Joe, the baboon, continues this performance for a half an hour before the zoo attendant stops the show.

By this time my mind is in a whirl. I am thinking wild thoughts. My busted pennant hopes are in the process of being rebuilt.

As soon as the crowd scatters, I corner the attendant to get the low-down.

It seems Joe belonged to a carnival. The carnival goes broke and sells Joe to the zoo, along with their other animals, to help pay off their debts.

Then I asks the question which has been whirling in my mind. "Can I buy this monk?"

"Go see the zoo superintendent," says the attendant, looking at me kinda scared.

For five hundred dollars and a couple of season passes, I gets Joe. Joe is tame as a kitten and does whatever I tells him; so he's no trouble at all.

I heads for the ball park with Joe in a taxi. Once inside the clubhouse I prepares to bunk Joe down for the night. I fixes him a bed in the locker room, and tells him to go to sleep. Well, sir, Joe looks at me with his great big brown eyes just brimming over with love, gives out with a happy gurgle, and is sawing wood before you know it.

The next day is the day of the crucial game with the Tramps so I'm up bright

FOURTH PRIZE SHORT STORY

By John McClellan, 17

Burlingame High School
Burlingame, California
Teacher, Fern Harvey

Pitcher

and early. First of all I gets a suit for Joe. Then I phones up the team and tells them to hurry down to the park early for practice.

Pretty soon they starts to straggle in to a man the poorest specimens the human race has to offer. How they stayed in first place as long as they did still is beyond me. Over in the corner is the one-time mainstay of my erratic pitching staff, Ace Bodkins. Ace is rather mournful-looking with drooping ears and eyelids. Like all pitchers, Ace considers himself a prima donna, and for that reason pitches only when he feels like it, which of late hasn't been very often.

Sitting beside him is my catcher, Shanty Hogan. Shanty is one of those rare catchers which you find outside of Sing Sing once in a while. His head is nothing but wood with the usual fixtures thrown in as an afterthought. Aside from this, I think Shanty is perfectly normal, in the broad sense of the word. First one to notice Joe is Shanty.

"Gee, what's that, Mr. McGrew?" he says, after much thinking.

"That is Joe, our new pitcher," I tells him.

"Looks like he could use a shave," one of the boys observes.

"Listen, you lame brains; Joe here is a baboon, and baboons is naturally hairy," I tells them.

When their limited minds had digested this bit of information, there was a wild rush for the door. Having foreseen this, I had taken the precaution of locking it. After the first wave of panic had passed, I proceeded to tell them the rest of my plan.

Upon finishing, I tells them to start getting dressed for the ball game. "Warm up Joe under the bleachers and don't come out with him until I give

you the word," I tells Shanty Hogan.

Out on the field the Tramps is going through their pre-game warmup very snappily. They are a regular ball of fire. The ball is thrown around the infield like a machine gun, and everybody is hollering like mad. It is evident that Lippy really has his boys worked up for the game. Alongside of the Tramps my boys have about as much pep as a home for retired undertakers.

Lippy is standing by the Tramps' dugout, a dark look on his ugly puss.

"Hi, Lippy!" I yells.

"Hello, yourself," he growls.

"Why so dark? Afraid of the trouncing my boys are going to give you?" I asks.

"Listen, McGrew, when my boys get through with the Polecats, you'll have a tough time counting the pieces." With that Lippy stamps off.

Soon it was time for the game to start. Being the home team, we took the field first. I signals Shanty to bring Joe in. It is a few seconds before the crowd realizes what has happened; but when they do, they gives out with some cries of amazement.

After staking Joe to the mound so he won't wander off, Shanty plodded back to home plate to take his position.

Trouble appears in the form of Lippy Johnson, however. His face a bright red, Lippy tries to intimidate the umpire, but the ump is unmoved.

"There's nothing in the rules to say he can't play a baboon," the umpire rules. "Scram!"

The first batter for the Tramps is a squatly little runt who is always awful tough to put out. It takes Joe exactly three pitches to retire him. With the next batter it is the same thing. Joe is so fast his ball is just a blur as it thuds into Shanty's mitt. The crowd loves Joe. They scream and pound the bleachers. Joe makes short work of the next Tramp, and the boys trot into the dugout.

"Get Joe some runs," I tells them.

Out on the field the Tramps are shaken and demoralized. They are shocked. Their pitcher has lost his confidence. Base hits blossom off our bats like bunches of flowers. We run up twenty runs in the first inning. Joe makes all the outs on our side, but that does not worry me in the least. Joe stands there and makes faces at Lippy, who is steaming over in the Tramps' dugout. The crowd cheers every move Joe makes. The next inning is a repetition of the first. The Tramps can't touch Joe. The Polecats keep adding runs, and Joe keeps blanking Lippy's cutthroat crew with ridiculous ease. The Tramps gnash their teeth, they tear their hair, they rave, they rant, and still

they can't get a measly foul tip. To make matters worse, Joe laughs and makes faces at them.

From the fifth inning on I can hear the regular thud of Lippy pounding his head against the concrete dugout. As the poets would say, the suds is flowing over the top of my beer mug.

The rest of the game is a breeze for Joe, and he wins in a walk. My Polecats are exhausted from running around the diamond so often, and all of them are in a state of near collapse. The score is 279-0, and Joe has hurled a perfect game, not even allowing a foul ball. Joe is a hero, and I am two thousand clackers to the good.

Joe pitches two more perfect games. We are the hottest thing in baseball. The fans fight to see Joe pitch, and money rolls in like I had a rich relative who has departed from this world.

The only fly in the ointment is Ace Bodkins. He is jealous of Joe. I can see the publicity which Joe is receiving gets under his skin. However, as Joe continues his winning ways, I do not worry.

The toothpaste people, breakfast food companies, cigarette companies are offering Joe fat checks to endorse their various products. I am floating on top of the world until Trouble strikes. Joe is stricken with a sore arm.

My hopes for a pennant sink lower than my fallen arches. I am shrouded in gloom. Sixteen games are left, and we lead the league by twelve games. What am I going to do? It is in this moment of tribulation that I have a brilliant idea. I have other pitchers; why not use them? I still glow with pride when I think of this stroke of genius.

I decide not to inform the boys of Joe's ailment, as it might hurt their morale. The next day I gives Ace the sign to warm up. Ace looks at me and says nothing. I can see the rest of the chucks is dumbfounded, but I tells them I am just giving Ace and the rest of the boys a chance to pitch.

Ace, who can really pitch when he wants to, goes out there and really throws himself a game. We win going away. During the last two weeks of the season my regular pitchers outdo themselves in an effort to show they're better than a baboon. To keep the crowds happy, I lets Joe coach the bases; and he continually keeps us in laughs with his antics.

We win the pennant in a walk, and I guess that's the whole story. Oh, yes. The Majors tried to draft Joe, but it was no go. Being only ten years old, he is a minor, and they can't sign him without my consent, which I am not giving until Joe is eighteen.



Sometime Tomorrow

ACT I

ANNOUNCER: Victor LaCrosse was sent to prison for a long term. Why he went and for how long he was sent up, doesn't really matter right now. He had served about three weeks when he was released. Released for three hours.

He had three hours to live again—to make a certain girl live again. The girl's name was Lennie—Lennie McCall, and she had been in an accident. The accident was almost fatal. She had been overcome by gas in her little one-room apartment.

For twelve hours she lay in a coma and for twelve hours her lips formed but two words, one name. And that's where Victor comes in—Victor LaCrosse. It was his name. It was he whom she wished to see once more—either that or she would rather die.

MUSIC: Crescendo, then quiet, mingling with hum of car motor.

VICTOR: Look, Sarge, she just ain't that type—the type that could be bothered with the past.

SERGEANT: Do you wanna see her?

VIC: Yeh! Sure! But does she wanna see me?

SERGEANT: Yeh, LaCrosse, she was delirious enough to wanna see you. Cigarette?

VIC: Thanks. (Pause) Ya know, Sarge, you'll like Lennie. She's got—

SERGEANT: Here, take this light before I burn my fingers. Yeh, LaCrosse. (Pause as he lights own cigarette), I

know. She's got golden hair with—

VIC: Uh-uh, black hair with brown eyes. Used to know her in school—good old Lincoln High. Met her at a football game. (Pause)

SERGEANT: So what! So ya met her at a football game.

VIC: She was a new kid and she was real scared 'cause she never knew anybody. She had gone to that game alone, Sarge. I felt sorry for her, I guess, because she was so pretty and so lonesome, like a flower in a big field of weeds. I was with the gang—Caputo's gang—and I figured I'd get to know her. I didn't have any special girl friend then so (Voice fades into roar of crowd and playing of school band in background) Hey, Tony, who's that chick in the fourth row?

TONY: Huh? What she look like?

VIC: Well look, ya screwball.

TONY (absent-mindedly): Barkley better know what he's doin'. Hey, quit pokin' me, Vic. I don't—oh her! That's a kid named Lennie somethin'. New kid. Hey, look at Lyall plow through center. (Roar of crowd)

VIC (fading): I'm gonna meet her, Tony.

TONY: Hey, when will we see ya. We got some work to do.

VIC: I'll see ya after the game. (Fades) Hi ya, beautiful! Mind if I sit here?

LENNIE (indignantly): Not my bleachers.

Water color by Stanley Lis, 17, Northeast H. S., Phila., Pa., won First Prize, Group II, \$25, in Scholastic Art Awards.

VIC: How come you're all alone—Lennie?

LENNIE: How did you know my name?

VIC: Tony Caputo told me. Know Tony?

LENNIE: He's in my class. (Roar of crowd) Hey, there goes Jerry Lyall again. Boy! He'll be All-American some day. Hey, how come you're not out there.

VIC (hesitantly): Well—uh—ya see, I work after school. Whole gang of us guys do and we ain't got time for stuff like that.

LENNIE: What do you mean stuff. Every boy should play football. Keeps them out of trouble.

VIC: Victor LaCrosse is never in trouble.

LENNIE: I don't suppose you are? (Roar of crowd) Hey, McCarthy's out in the open. Cut in, Terry! Sidestep him. (Roar gets louder) He's in the clear. (Roar drowns her voice, which gradually comes back in range) We've won! We've won! We've won the game. That's probably the city championship.

MUSIC: Spirited, then gradually lower, mingling with hum of motor.

VIC: It was the city championship, Sarge. It was the beginning of a lot of things. Lyall made all-state, our school

rose to first division, and more than all that, I had a girl—Lennie, Sarge. I saw her as much as I could because I was her guy. It was crazy, but it was just one of those things. Love at first sight, I guess. We had a lot of fun together—basketball games, football, baseball—and the gang, oh yeah! Well, for a while I laid off but then, after losing my job as stock boy, I worked back into it. We pulled some fairly big jobs—they were getting bigger all the time—until—Well, anyways, I had a lot of dough, which was good, Sarge, 'cause I could buy nice things for Lennie.

SERGEANT: Nice things like what?

VIC: Things like a gold bracelet and new clothes, things that any girl would love, Sarge—any girl but Lennie. Don't get her wrong, she appreciated the things but—(Fade)

LENNIE: Thanks, Vic. Thanks a million! Gee, your school sweater! I always hoped you'd—

VIC: Fer cryin' out loud, Lennie. You knew you could have it. I thought the bracelet would—

LENNIE: Oh, I liked the bracelet, Vic, but your sweater—well, that's different. It's a part of you. It's got your name on it.

VIC: Yeh, I know what you mean, beautiful. I'm sorry I haven't got three stripes on there. Could of, it's just I've never had time, working and everything. Coulda made first string half this year.

LENNIE: Vic, why don't you tell me about your work? I mean dad tells mom everything that goes on at work. If he has trouble or anything he—

VIC: No, Lennie, I can't tell you.

LENNIE: Why, Vic? Why? Isn't what you're doing right?

VIC: Sure it's right. I ain't doing anything wrong. Now let's forget it.

LENNIE: No, I don't want to forget it. I have to know. What can I tell mom and dad. They're always asking me where you get all your money.

VIC: It's none of their business—nor is it any of yours. If you don't want that stuff, throw it away. I ain't sayin' where I got it.

LENNIE (sobbing): All right, Victor LaCrosse! (Clatter of jewelry) I don't want your bracelet and—and—here's your school sweater. (Fades, sobbing)

VIC: Lennie—Lennie—I—I'm sorry. I'm awfully sorry. (Fades, music, car motor) Ya see, Sarge, it wasn't working. Lennie knew somethin' was wrong. I knew then that it was no good. For weeks I went to school alone. Then came the prom. I was lookin' forward to the prom, Sarge. Lookin' forward like a little kid lookin' forward to the cartoon in a show. I knew Lennie would be there—and I hoped. . . . You'll never

know how I hoped she would be alone. . . . (Fades into music, and noise of dance)

TONY: Hi ya, Vic, where's your gal.

VIC: Huh? Oh, hi, Tony. I don't know. We broke up months ago.

TONY: Yeh, but I thought sure, that ya'd take her to this. Lennie was a darn nice kid, Vic. By the way, why did ya call it quits?

VIC: The gang—she got wise.

TONY: Hmm, that's bad, fellas. Could git a lot of us guys in trouble. I suppose you're wise to yourself now, huh? Ya know gals and guns don't mix. (Pause)

VIC (slowly): Yeh, Tony, yeh, I think you're right. (Fade)

TONY: Vic, where ya goin'?

VIC: Gals and guns don't mix, Tony. (Fade) Lennie, could I please have this dance?

LENNIE: V—Vic, then you're not mad, yet?

VIC: Uh—uh, are you?

LENNIE: No, Vic, no, I'm not mad.

VIC (laughing): Then let's dance.

LENNIE: I guess I'll never be able to stay mad at you.

VIC: Lennie, I've got something to tell you. What do you say we go and see the garden. They say it's pretty nice.

FIRST PRIZE ORIGINAL RADIO DRAMA

By Richard Jackson, Jr., 17

**St. Gertrude School
St. Clair Shores, Michigan
Teacher, Sister M. Bernita, S.S.J.**

(Music changes to chirping of crickets)

Look at the big moon, Lennie. They hung that out just for you. Looks sorta exotic coming through the trees, doesn't it?

LENNIE: Don't the flowers smell wonderful, too?

VIC: Here, here's a rose for the prettiest flower I know.

LENNIE (laughing): Vic, you've got a good imagination.

VIC: No, Lennie! I mean it! I—I—

LENNIE: Go on, Vic. You what.

VIC (hoarsely): I love you, Lennie. (Long pause) I—I guess I shouldn't have said that huh?

LENNIE: No, Vic, I wanted you to say it. It's just that we're so young and love—that's so big. But maybe, Vic—just maybe—

VIC (eagerly): Maybe what, Lennie.

LENNIE: Maybe some day, I'll be Mrs. LaCrosse. (Music soft, car motor)

VIC: And that some day came, Sarge. It was last year that she said she'd marry me, but then—then I left town. I had to, Sarge, 'cause her old man put the pressure on. He told me how I was no good for Lennie and how rotten I was to marry her when I never had a cent. He called me riff-raff, Sarge, and I guess maybe I was. I really never did have any money.

But I figured I'd get money so I came to the city to find a job. For a while I worked as a soda jerker but was fired. Then I got fired after sweeping the streets. Me sweepin' streets, Sarge! There was nothin' to do but look up Caputo. I did.

They were glad to have me back 'cause they needed guys like me—guys who could hold a gun. We pulled a job right away. It was the Colton warehouse. I—

SERGEANT: I know that. Go on about you and Lennie.

VIC: Well, there's not much more to tell. I saw her only once more—it was the last time, just before I was pulled in. I had found out she was in the city. She had been workin' at a Chinese laundry over on the West Side (Voice fades, music) Could I please speak to Lennie McCall?

CLERK: Solly, Miss McCall at present is indisposed.

VIC: Where is she workin' right now? Back there?

CLERK: Yis, but you can't—

VIC (fading): I'll only be a minute, pal. (Soft thud of presses and running of ironers as he closes door on protests of clerk) Lennie, darling! What are you doing here!

LENNIE: Oh, Vic! Vic! Vic! I knew you'd come! I knew it! I knew it! (Pause as they kiss) Oh Vic, darling, I've so much to tell you.

VIC: Then come on, honey. You can tell me all the way over to your apartment. (Door closes on presses; noise of city)

CLERK: Missi, missi, where are you going? Your job, your—

VIC: Sorry, but this gal is gonna be indisposed—for a long time. (Noise of city gets louder as they go out the door)

LENNIE: How did you know I was there?

VIC: Mom wrote and told me you were in the city. She told me the address of your apartment so I phoned there. The clerk said you were workin' here. But that doesn't matter, honey. First we're gonna get something to eat and then we're gonna find the prettiest ring in Brenton. (Music crescendo, dying down to hum of car motor) Yeh, Sarge, I worked nights so we could afford the prettiest ring in Brenton. But suddenly I lost the job. It was that

night. A teller pulled an alarm somewhere and it was all over. A million dreams all shot by one pull of a switch. I wish, Sarge, now that—

SERGEANT: This is it, Jerry. Turn up this driveway. Yeh, I know, Vic, you're kinda sorry you held the gun for 'em. They all are. O.K. Here's where we get out.

VIC (hesitantly): Yeh, yeh, Sarge, just a second, huh?

SERGEANT: Why so nervous, fella. Just think there's a beautiful babe in there and she got ya a release just so she could talk to ya. Why so nervous? (Pause) Ya, I know, kid. Here, want a cigarette? (Music crescendo)

ACT II

MUSIC: Soft, fading in background.

ANNOUNCER: The hallway was dark except for a lone light glowing at its far end. A pungent smell of ether filled the air—a smell that suggested pain and suffering and death. Victor's eyes were misty as he made out the numbers on the white door. . . . (Voice fades and music comes soft for few seconds)

VIC: Room 909. Guess this is it, Sarge. Gonna take these handcuffs off? I won't try anything; just that I wanna go in there alone. (Pause—click of handcuffs)

SERGEANT: O.K., Vic, go on in. You're on your own.

VIC (hoarsely, frightened): Thanks, Sarge, thanks. (Pause, opens door, goes in, another pause) H-hi, Lennie. (Pause) Hey, beautiful, it's me.

LENNIE: Is—is that you, Vic?

VIC (walking toward bed): Uh-huh, it's your old guy Vic.



RICHARD JACKSON

In his sophomore year, Richard Jackson, Jr., entered the Scholastic Writing Awards — in vain. In his junior year he entered again. History repeated itself. In his senior year he won an award. He hopes to go to college, then to enter radio or screen

writing. "I'd like," he says, "to win a Pulitzer Prize. . . . My father has told me he is a self-made man. I am not, however, a self-made son. I owe very much to my wonderful parents, a priest, and a certain English teacher."

LENNIE (ignoring last remark): Remember the first time, Vic. It was at the junior-senior prom. Remember in the country club garden. Remember you said—you said—

VIC: That I loved you—and I do, darling—a million times I do.

LENNIE: Oh, Vic, and remember all the dreams we had. Remember the cottage we'd buy?

VIC: Sure and I've found that cottage, Lennie. It's beautiful with—but no, Lennie, I—I can't let you marry me.

LENNIE: Go on, Vic, what about the cottage?

VIC: It's a little place out on Oswego Lake. You'd love it, honey. There's red roses growing around it and—

LENNIE: Please, Vic, buy it. I've got a little money and—oh please, Vic, please buy it—for me, Vic—please.

VIC (slowly): Okay, darling, okay.

LENNIE: It'll be wonderful, Vic, just you and I. We'll have so much fun; we'll be so happy, so very happy.

VIC: Sure we will, honey. I'll be the proudest guy in the world. We'll go back and see old Lincoln High win another game. The gang will be glad to see ya, Lennie. We'll visit them all—all the guys and gals. They say they got a new athletic field at the school. We'll have to see that. We'll visit the garden at the country club, maybe we'll go to the junior-senior prom even though we're—

LENNIE (laughing): Even though we go as chaperons.

VIC: Yeh, and we'll keep all the other chaperons busy so maybe some other Vic and Lennie have a chance to fall in love. (They kiss as nurse enters)

NURSE: I'm afraid you'd better go, Mister LaCrosse.

VIC: Okay, nurse. I gotta go now, Lennie, but I'll be back real soon.

LENNIE: Tomorrow, Vic? Please say tomorrow.

VIC: Lennie I—I—Awright, honey, I guess so—tomorrow—sometime tomorrow.

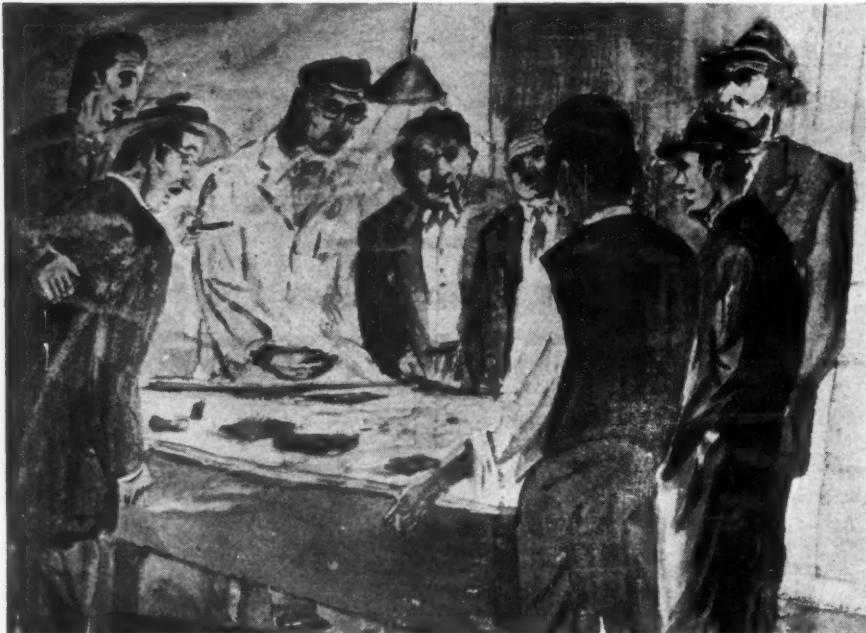
MUSIC: Crescendo, ending with purr of car motor.

VIC (weeping loudly): Sometime tomorrow. That's what I said, Sarge—sometime tomorrow. I know now it was all wrong, Sarge. Why did I say it? Why, Sarge? Why?

SERGEANT: Because you loved her, Vic.

VIC: I told her I bought that cottage and that I was free, that I'm gonna marry her. I never told her that I was the gun-man for the mob, that I shot that teller, that I killed him—that I—

SERGEANT: Yeh—that they gave you the works, kid. That they sent ya up for life. Too bad—I'm sorry for ya, I'm sorry for both of ya—especially Lennie.



Water color by Stanley Pransky, 17, of English High School, Boston, Mass., won the Ingersoll State Award for Massachusetts, \$25, in 1949 Scholastic Art Awards.

HUMOR AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE HUMOR

By Karen Kruse, 16

Montgomery Blair Senior High School
Silver Spring, Maryland
Teacher, William W. Hinckley

THE STUDENT'S SOLILOQUY

(Hamlet, Act III, Scene 1)

To cut or not to cut, that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous teachers,
Or to recoil against a sea of troubles,
And by not going end them? To cut:
to live,
No less; and by a cut to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks

A class is heir to; 'tis a liberation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To cut: to live:
To live—and yet, that end! Aye, there's the rub.
For in that life of cutting what end comes
When we have shuffled off the happy coil
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes calamity of happy cuts.
For who would bear the quips and scorns of class,
The teacher's wrong, the classmate's contumely,
The pangs of undone work, the desk's hard seat,
The insolence of rivals, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.

When he himself might his quietus make
With a shrewd action? Who would textbooks bear,
To grunt and sweat under the weary pile,
But that the threat of something after cuts,
The well mapped system from whose mills



Cartoon by Chester Lowney, 18, of San Rafael High School, San Rafael, California, won First Prize for Gag Cartoon in 1949 Scholastic Art Awards.

Demerits quickly come, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to worse ones that we know well of?
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all.
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

SECOND PRIZE HUMOR

By Tom G. Pease, 17

Arsenal Technical High School
Indianapolis, Indiana
Teacher, Mrs. Louise S. Camp

IT SNOWED LAST NIGHT

(Ogden Nash style)

Mother Nature shook the dandruff from

her hair last night.
And some will say it is a blessing, but
I will say it is a blight.
For first of all, I know
About snow
That it is wet.
And yet
Some people will gaily toss all cares aside and get pneumonia just to walk around in it.
For folks like this my only hope is that they get drowned in it.
And next of all, I know
About snow
That it is cold,
And should be sold
To the Eskimos because goodness knows they are surrounded by the frigid stuff all year long and even use it to make igloos out of.
But for me I will take a roaring fire and a good book and leave snow for poets to shout of.
But most of all, I know
About snow
That it covers the walks
And brings loud squawks
From the lady of the house who says



**3d Prize Gag Cartoon—Melvin Shestack,
17, Monroe H. S., Rochester, New York.**

that it will just lie there and get all slushy and slippery unless you get someone to sweep it.
And at our house that's me, so as far as I'm concerned you can just keep it.

THIRD PRIZE HUMOR

By Laura Rilander, 15

William Howard Taft High School
New York, New York
Teacher, H. P. Schweitzer

IGNORANCE WAS BLISS

Back in the days beyond recall, before I knew of Bio,
I thought that I could breathe because the Lord had made it so.
But in Biology I learned that this was all a sham—
(We respire because of our expanding diaphragm).

A great surprise awaited me when trapped in Hygiene's coils,
I studied proteins, water, carbohydrates, fats and oils.
My daily diet, which I'd thought sufficient for my need,
Was deemed to be unhealthy and unscientific feed.

I never knew a formula, nor did I ever care,
But Algebra's perplexing rules have taught me Pi-r-square.
In blessed childish innocence I'd added in my head,
But complicated x and y are used today instead.

I'd been contented just to speak good English all my days

But now I must be reeling off a lengthy Latin phrase.
If ancient Romans worked as hard to speak as I today,
Small wonder that their empire has long since passed away.

My childish faith in miracles has left me like the rest,
I learned the truth 'bout Santa Claus—perhaps it's for the best.
But something now is gone from life—a shining thing unseen,
Since I have learned that chlorophyll's what makes the grass so green.

The joys of education may be bountiful and great,
But they have disadvantages that also carry weight.
I don't deny their virtues—the point I make is this:
Oh, knowledge may be wonderful, but ignorance was bliss!

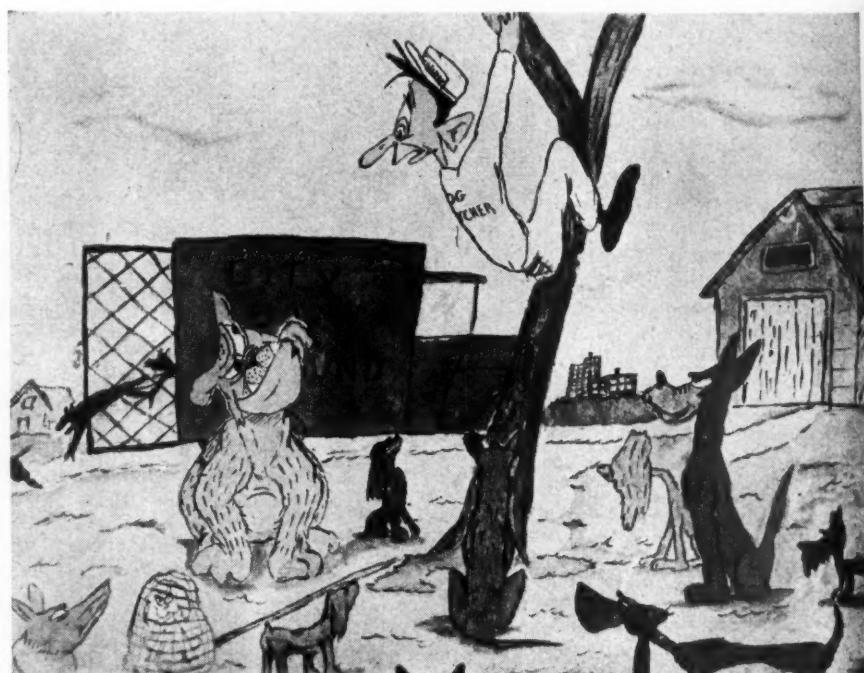
FOURTH PRIZE HUMOR

By Anne DeForest, 15

Royal Oak High School
Royal Oak, Michigan
Teacher, Ruth Hetzman

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Being a twin, I have never known what it is to be an individual; for when one is graciously endowed with a double, one does not lead a double life, but only half an existence. A lone twin is neither interesting nor appreciated.

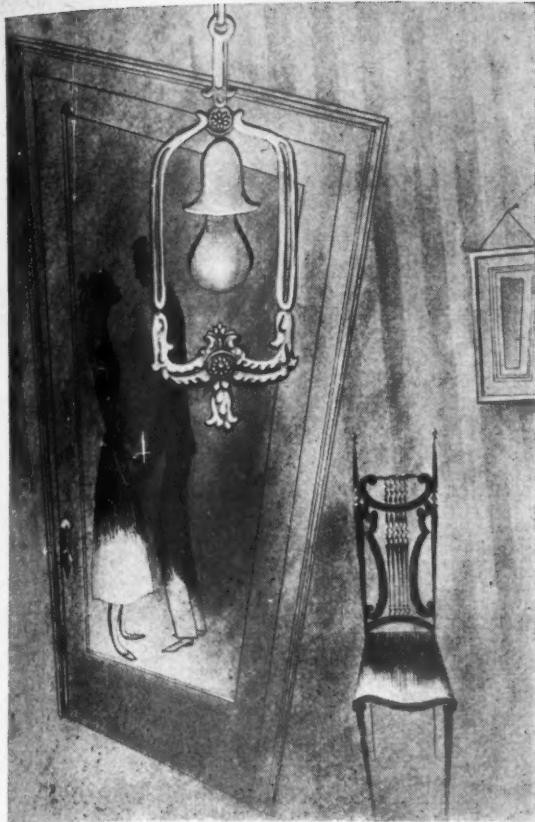


Second Prize for Gag Cartoon won by Cecil Kanter, 17, Sullivan H. S., Chicago, Ill.

If he wishes to be considered proper or even to be considered at all for that matter—he must abide strictly by certain rules set down for his guidance by a society of singularly-born persons. First, he must not be seen in public unaccompanied by his double, and if he wishes to avoid criticism he must not express any differences of opinion or taste from his twin, for such action brings an immediate reaction from that group of human beings known to all twins as "the order of disbelievers."

Also, you must put up with the inevitable questions . . . "Which one has the Toni?" or "How do you know you're you and not your twin?" Try explaining this last sometime when you feel that you have two weeks to spare for an insane asylum.

Then there was the time when my twin sister and I had been Christmas shopping and we were waiting for the bus. It was an unusually bitter day so we decided that while one of us waited outside to make sure that the bus would not pass without our knowledge, the other could stay in a nearby drug-store and count—as slowly as possible—to two hundred, whereupon we would exchange places. My sister, who was carrying our shopping bag, entered the store first, counted to four hundred, I'm sure, and finally replaced me as I, unburdened with any packages, took her place in the store. After we had repeated this about four times, a woman timidly approached my sister and asked in a polite voice, unmistakably tinted with curiosity, "Tell me, what do you do with that bag when you go outside?"



Water color by Genevieve Tomaszewski, 19, Cass Technical H.S., Detroit, Mich., won 3d Prize, Group III, \$10.

HER MOTHER was dead. She opened the front door and went outside. She stood for a moment looking down the street toward the park. And then she began to walk, not fast or slow, but just right—the way she usually walked. She went toward the park and as she walked she kept thinking *my mother is dead*. But how funny that the thought came as it did—so casually, as if she were used to it.

She kept walking until she came to the street car tracks. It was dusk and the sun was almost completely gone, but it was light enough to read. She looked at the sign on the street car carefully—67th and Oglesby. Then she crossed the street and cut through the bushes to the golf course. She walked faster then and every once in a while she would think fleetingly of something seemingly not too important, but of enough importance to make her remember it for a split second—*my mother is dead*.

She wondered why she did not cry. It was odd that her mother should have been dead all afternoon and still she had not cried even once. As she walked she felt the rising lake breeze. It was surprising how the breeze refreshed her after sitting in that hot living room and listening to all the people talking—listening to words that were amazingly cruel in their monotonous acceptance of something capable of causing so much pain.

She needed a bobby pin for her hair and she realized she had left her purse at home. So she walked on empty handed—her hands in the pockets of her dress, her long hair blowing in her dry eyes.

She was almost across the park now and she could see the lights of the movie on 63rd Street flashing on and off—on and off. She came out of the park by the little ice-cream store where she and her best friend had spent most of the summer teasing and flirting with the boys that had come around to talk to them. That was before her mother had died. That was last week that Eddie had kissed her and she had pretended to be angry. That was two days ago that they had all gone fishing off the pier. That was yesterday before her mother had died. It was funny that she hadn't cried.

She sat down on one of the park benches across from the little store and looked up and down the street. She saw a boy she knew come out of his house and walk toward the store, but she didn't call to him. That seemed strange because she had liked him so much better than she had any of the others. He was almost past her now and she wondered again why she didn't call to him. But then he saw her, and he came across the street and sat on the bench beside her.

"Hi," he said and she said hello. And then she told him her mother was

Grief

FIRST PRIZE SHORT SHORT STORY

By Marilyn Kemp, 17

South Shore High School
Chicago, Illinois
Teacher, Nelle M. Groh

dead. When she said the words it was somehow all wrong. It was the first time she had said them out loud and the sound was foreign and unreal. She wondered what he would say to her, and it was wrong again when he told her how sorry he was. "Is there anything I could do to make you feel better?" Those were such stiff words she thought, and then she wondered if she could explain to him that she really felt fine, no different at all in any way that she could put into words. She wondered if he would like to walk down to the lake with her and sit on the rocks. She asked him and they got up together and walked back across the golf course the way she had come.

This time the wind was at her face and her dress was pulled tight against her body and her hair blew out behind her. They walked without talking and every once in a while she would think of going home and wish she didn't have to go back to that hot living room and the people. They crossed the noisy boulevard and walked over the sand to the rocks along the lake front. He found a wide flat one and helped her across so that they could sit down. She took off her shoes and put her toes in the water and thought how cold it was. And then she looked at the boy and smiled. It was the first time she had smiled since that afternoon.

Then he asked her if she felt better. She opened her mouth to say that she had honestly been fine all along, but as she did a big lump seemed to rise up slowly from her stomach to her throat and suddenly she began to cry. She put her head in her hands and felt the tears come through her fingers. It seemed as if her whole self were the salty tears. Nothing was real in the world but the tears on her fingers and those dripping down on her dress. And when the sobs began to shake her harder the boy put his arms around her and held her steady. She cried more softly then and after a while she began to feel her toes getting numb from the cold lake water.

Ver ses by
Ogden Nash

Pretty Halcyon Days

Music by
Joel Mandelbaum

Allegretto

The musical score consists of eight staves of handwritten music. The key signature is F major (one sharp). The time signature varies between common time and 2/4. The vocal line includes lyrics such as "It's pleasant to sit on the beach", "beach in the sand, in the sun", "nothing at all to be done", "work; no cash to be earned", and "done". The piano accompaniment features various chords and rhythmic patterns. The score is annotated with performance instructions like "f", "mf", "mp", "dim.", and "cresc.".

1. It's pleasant to sit on the beach
 on the
 beach in the sand, in the sun, ----- with ocean galore with-in reach,
 sea and the sand and the sun, leave the earth to the strong and athletic and the
 no-thing at all to be done. No let-ters to ans-wer, no bills to be burned, as
 sea to ad-ven-ture u-pon. But the sun and the sand no con-trac-tor can copy.

work; no cash to be earned-- It's pleasant to sit on the beach, with no-thing at all to
 live in the land of the lotus&poppy, fe
 done. --- 3. How pleasant to gaze at the sail-ors, as their sail-boats they most

* Notes in [] first verse only.
 Notes in { } fourth verse only.

First Prize Song for Solo Voice with Original Accompaniment

Words copyright 1934 by Ogden Nash.
Second verse of the song is omitted in this version

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of Curtis Brown, Ltd., 347 Madison Ave., New York 17

man- ful- ly sail. With vi- gør of vi-kings and whalers. In the days of the vi-king, the

vi- king and whale. They sport on the brink of the shad and the shark. If it's win-dy they sink. If it

isn't they park, How pleas- ant to gaze at the sail-ors -- To gaze with- out hav-ing to

sail. -- 4. How pleas- ant the salt an-es-the-tic of the ve-ge- tate calm and aes-

tic, on the beach in the sand in the sun. -- On the beach in the sand in the sun.

*D.C. from to ; then do Coda.

D.C. [Coda]

IF THERE is one incident during the war that has affected my life more than any other, I think I would say without hesitation that it was receiving a tiny, wrinkled piece of paper—a slip of paper that was at one and the same time for me a ticket to great danger, but also to great happiness. Let me explain.

When I kissed my father goodbye on that bright August day of 1939 at the Polish summer resort of Piotrkow, I hardly gave the matter a thought. Father told me that he was going back to Katowice, our home, on business and that he wouldn't be gone long. Neither of us imagined then what years of suffering there would be before our next meeting, nor that when we met again his baby girl would be grown almost to a woman.

Before my father could return to the summer resort where we were vacationing, war with Germany was declared. As an officer in the Polish Western Reserves my father was called into service immediately. After the war had spent its first fury upon us and the Germans had taken possession of our country, we learned that my father had been taken prisoner and transported to the German prison at Murnau near the foot of the Alps in Bavaria.

After the defeat of Germany, however, hope was reborn in our hearts. Within a month after peace had been declared, Polish soldiers held prisoner in Germany and liberated by the Americans or the British began to trickle back to their homes. We watched and waited and hoped, but not a single word came from my father. Then one day in June, 1945, my mother saw two officers. As my father had been an officer, perhaps they would know him. She managed to get near them and without attracting too much attention inquired, "From where do you come?"

"Murnau," one of them answered.

"Murnau!" exclaimed my mother, hardly trusting her ears, "Murnau—the officers' camp in Bavaria?"

"Yes, the same," responded the officer kindly, and waited for the inevitable inquiry.

Yes, he said, he knew my father—

"Didn't he send any message . . . anything to his wife?"

"Are you his wife?"

"Yes! Yes," excitedly answered my mother.

The officer studied her eager, anxious face and then slowly remarked, "Maybe we might remember something—" He looked furtively around. "We haven't any place to sleep!"

"Come with me," quickly invited my mother.

Once inside the privacy of our rooms, my mother plied them with questions:



A TALE OF TERROR AND ESCAPE

How was my father? Was he well? Had he suffered?

Maybe she appeared too anxious. Whatever it was the soldiers still seemed reluctant to answer her questions. Was she really "his wife"? If so, where was the proof? My mother brought out papers, but still they remained unconvinced. Just then I, hearing the talk, came out of the kitchen.

"His daughter?" they questioned.

"Do you know my father?" I pleaded for an answer. The officer studied my face for a moment (I look and talk just like my father) and then finally convinced of our claims answered firmly:

"Yes, I know your father—well." At his next words our hearts pounded furiously. "I have a note for him!"

He took off his coat. Tensely we watched. Why was he so slow—so very slow. What was he doing? Ripping—ripping—if only he would hurry—May-

be he had lost it—Maybe. We wanted to help him rip. Oh, if he would only hurry. We couldn't wait—*After seven long years of waiting*, we just couldn't wait another minute.

Never before had any man's fingers seemed so clumsy. Finally the opening in his lining was big enough to stick his fingers through. He fumbled around for a minute that seemed like an hour and then pulled out a tiny piece of paper. It couldn't have been more than one by two inches in size. Hugging each other, my mother and I read the note together. Only a few words. No salutation, no name, but written in my father's familiar scrawl—

COME IF YOU CAN

My father had been liberated by the Americans, we found out, but knowing the Russians as he did, feared to come back to Poland where an almost certain

death or exile faced him. If we could come to him—and knowing that my mother would swim the sea were that necessary—he hoped for a happy reunion in a happier situation.

Could we get a passport out of Poland? Under the Russian occupation this was asking for a miracle, but mother decided to try. After two months of fruitless arguing, red tape, and untold danger, we knew that there was absolutely no hope of leaving Poland—officially.

To escape from Poland under the Russian occupation was not easy. All of the frontiers were closely guarded, and if you were caught it meant prison or death. Nevertheless we decided to risk it.

After many hardships we reached Yeleria Goro, where we found friends. There we remained for a week or two wondering what to do next. Just when the situation seemed hopeless, my mother uncovered a gold mine of information. Some Polish drivers had permission from the Russians to travel in trucks to Pilsen in Czechoslovakia to pick up some automobiles from the United States and drive them back to Flenia Goro. Perhaps we could bribe the driver of one of these trucks to take us along. With the few treasures we had, my mother persuaded a driver to take the risk.

That dreadful ride. Even today the memory of it sickens me. The truck in which we were hidden was crowded with drivers who occupied every seat. We were stuffed under the benches and covered with canvas storage bags. In this way—stretched flat on the dirty, dusty floor of a rattling, jiggling truck—we were royally transported out of Poland.

That part of the journey was bad enough. The men smoked and the fumes just about choked us. I longed for a cooling breath of fresh air. But the next part of the journey was ever so much worse. There were several frontiers to cross and the driver feared that we would be discovered too easily under the benches. About ten or twenty miles before each frontier, the driver stopped the truck and had us crawl under the vehicle into the storage compartment used for an extra tire.

This position was not only very uncomfortable, but extremely dangerous. We were forced to lie flat, covered with canvas, with our legs curled up and intertwined as the compartment was not long enough to stretch them out. Just in front of us and down the center ran a gasoline pipe that sent steaming, hot fumes up our noses. Once while we were in this position, i got very hot. We were just about suffocated when my mother saw that a spark had ignited one of the back wheels. She

At Pilsen in Czechoslovakia the driver informed us that both he and all the men were deserting the truck. We were not surprised. From what we had heard few of the drivers who were fortunate enough to get out of the Russian territory ever went back. Even the Russian drivers used this pretext to escape from their "iron cage."

Here we were, refugees from the Russians in a Russian-occupied city, without passports, without friends, and still a great distance from our destination. Would we be able to cross from Czechoslovakia into Germany? Would we be able to reach my father at Murnau? "Please God, we could but try," fearlessly and confidently declared my mother. And so we finished the first perilous part of our journey and began the second. The note read "Come if you can." We were coming!

After the truck driver had left us stranded in the Russian-occupied city, we wondered what to do next. My mother suggested that we act as normal as possible, straighten ourselves as best we could, pull out our bags, and register at an inconspicuous hotel. This we did.

When we had freshened up a little, we decided to venture out. Leaving our bags at the hotel, we sauntered out into the streets to get our bearings.

Would there be any chance of leaving from the terminal? We inquired as to its whereabouts. Arriving there, however, we found it a total wreck. Thinking that there was no way of going out of the city from that place, we decided to return to the hotel. Just as we were departing, however, we spotted a group of Polish soldiers and several trucks. From their preparations we knew at once that they were leaving.

"Here's our chance," said my mother. But all our pleading was in vain. The officer in charge refused to take us. We had no passports. Besides it would be dangerous, not only for us but for them also. Off he marched in another direction.

With him went all immediate chances for escape. I ran after him, tugging at his sleeve and pleading, "Please—please—My father's an officer, too. He's at the camp in Murnau. We've got to get to him—we just have to."

At last he looked down and gave me a chance to tell my whole story. I told it breathlessly. How far we'd traveled. How my father was waiting for us. Who and where he was.

Yes, he'd risk it; but we'd have to leave immediately. No, there wouldn't be time to return to the hotel. We had

of Paper

FIRST PRIZE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By Hania Woyska, 15

Saint Mary Academy
Monroe, Michigan
Teacher, Sister Marie Chantal

The tempera illustration on facing page is the work of Raymond Han, 17, of McKinley H. S., Honolulu, Hawaii. It won Ingersoll Regional Award for Hawaii, \$25.

to leave at once. A few minutes' delay might mean not only our capture but theirs. You simply couldn't trust the Russians.

Better to escape with our lives than to get our bags. We'd go. Soon we were stowed away with another Polish family in one of the trucks.

As we neared the American frontier I had my first experience with American soldiers. At one station where we stopped, a large group of them were lounging about on the platform. From a crack in the truck I studied each one of them. What were they doing? Their mouths seemed to be moving all the time. Yes—I knew they were laughing and talking, but they seemed to be eating all the time, and I couldn't see anything to eat. "What are they doing?" I whispered to my mother.

Laughingly she answered, "Chewing gum." It was my first sight (but not my last) of "Wrigley's."

Soon we came to the American frontier. As we did not have any papers, we had to hide. My mother hid in back of the luggage, but I was afraid of missing something and so asked to stay up in front. The men fixed up a little box out of storage cases, leaving a tiny slit where I could peek out. Then one of the men sat upon it. We thought that everything was safe.

And it would have been if the American guard had acted like all the other guards we had met. We thought that he would stay outside, growl up a few questions, and then let us pass. But no, this guard was very young and very exact. To begin with he unhooked the back of the truck upon which my storage cases were resting, and jumped up inside. Just then a car pulled up in back and our driver was told to move ahead. The truck gave a jerk and—without the back door to hold them in place—all the cases toppled over. The man who had been sitting on them for me fell out of the truck, and there I was—sitting on the floor with the cases piled all around me before the eyes of the surprised American.

He spoke to me, but as I didn't understand English I simply looked up at him and smiled. My mother, watching from behind the luggage, came out to protect me if that were needed. But we couldn't understand the American, and he couldn't understand us; therefore, no explanation could be given.

Then he walked around inspecting everything very carefully. We certainly hadn't expected anything like this. We waited in fear. We knew it would be just a matter of time before he'd ask for our papers—the papers we didn't have.

After poking at every single box, he finally asked in Polish for our passports (the only words he knew). Everybody in the truck played up for us. If they produced their papers, we'd have to bring out ours. They acted very dumb. The very young American looked puzzled and shouted "papiery" at us again. We couldn't understand him. Then he took out an envelope from his pocket, waved it before each of us, pointed to it, pointed to us, stamped something on it with his fist. One of the men seemed to understand. From his pocket he pulled out another envelope and handed it to the American. "No! No!" The American shook his head and started his signs all over again. Could we stall any longer? Then one of the Polish women began to laugh heartily. We all joined in. So, too, did the American. How long we could have kept up the show, I don't know. Fortunately for us, just at that moment all the trucks outside began honking their horns for us to move; we were holding up the traffic. The soldier made one last attempt, but everybody was still playing his dumb part extremely well. He gave up, jumped from the truck, waved goodbye to us, and signalled for the trucks to move on. And so we passed safely from Czechoslovakia into Germany.

ON the next afternoon we reached Nurnberg, one great mass of ruins. The truck driver brought us to one of those places (common in Europe) known as an "Emigrant's Ruin," and "ruin" it most certainly was. That night we slept there on the cold, dirt floor of the cellar shivering with the chilled dampness. For one more day we tramped through fields and hitch-hiked on the highways. At last we arrived at Munich—only fifty miles from Murnau.

We spent another miserable night in an "Emigrant's Ruin." Early the next morning an American driver gave us a lift out of the city, putting us well on the road leading toward Murnau.

We hoped that somebody would give us a ride. Many American cars flashed by, but the drivers, thinking that we were just German peasants, didn't stop. On and on we walked, resting from time to time in the shade of bushes or trees. During one of these rest periods—about two o'clock in the afternoon, I remember—a private police car drove by very slowly. The two men in the car stared at us very curiously. We signaled to them and so they courteously stopped.

We had recognized them at once—Polish officers. Excitedly we inquired,

Were we far from Murnau? Did they know my father? Would they take us to him? As we questioned them, they in turn became excited. Had we come all the way from Poland? How did we get out? All of us were so busy asking questions that we didn't take time out to answer. Then things calmed down.

Yes—they were from Murnau. Certainly they knew my father. It would be a privilege for them to give us a ride. They almost lifted us into the car. They told us that we were about an hour's ride from the camp . . . My father was well . . . And then they started their own eager questioning.

Always I shall associate that golden, glorious day in my life with those huge and beautiful Alps that towered above the camp at Murnau. Such a warm, hearty welcome was ours. As we drove into the camp, so much like a little village, the soldiers called to people. "We had come all the way from Poland!" They flocked about us, until a kind officer came to our rescue and brought us up to my father's rooms.

He was not in them, but they told us that he had been expecting us for a long time and was very, very worried. In fact, as he told us afterwards, he was just making preparations to seek us in Pilsen.

They were not spacious rooms, but they were the nearest thing to heaven. Over on the table I spied chocolate—the first candy I had seen in seven years. Ravenously I stuffed it down. I was oh so hungry. As I ate, I looked out of the windows. There below me was an officer, his back toward us, talking to another man. There was something familiar about him.

"Mother," I shrieked. "It's Father!"

She didn't think I would recognize him after so many years, and so didn't get too excited. Nevertheless, she came over and peered down. At that very moment he chanced to look up and Mother screamed, "Jan! Jan!" He tore up the stairs and in a moment the three of us were locked in each other's arms—my father's face plastered with the chocolate that had been on mine.

Since that day I have read and re-read that tiny slip of paper reading "COME IF YOU CAN" a thousand times. It is my most prized possession. It is, I tell myself, the passport that brought me a dear father that I had lost—almost forever; the passport that brought me the happiness that today is mine.

The index to Volume One of *Literary Cavalcade*, covering the issues from Oct., 1948, through May, 1949, will be mailed to teachers and librarians with the Lesson Plan.



Witter Bynner, poet and playwright, a Scholastic Awards poetry judge for many years, commented that Barbara Holland's poems "are in the mood and manner of Edna St. Vincent Millay."



Martha Foley (Short Story) edits annual short story anthology.



Dorothy Canfield Fisher (Short Story) is novelist, book club judge.



Herschel Brickell (Short Story) edits annual short story anthology.



Wanda Orton, essay judge, is former teacher. Eve Kennedy's essay, she stated, was "fine work, whole-heartedly decent. He [judges read anonymous manuscripts] takes ordinary material, makes us see, too."

Scholastic Writing Awards Judges

The men and women who picked this year's winners



Frank Ernest Hill (Poetry) wrote forthcoming book, *To Meet Will Shakespeare*.



Audrey Wurdemann (Poetry) poet, is wife of another poet, Joseph Auslander.



Jesse Stuart (Short Story) is poet, novelist, ex-teacher.



Judith Waller (Radio) directs Public Affairs and Education, NBC.



Gertrude Broderick (Radio) is Specialist for U.S. Office of Ed.



Robert Heller (Radio) is executive producer and director for CBS.



Irita Van Doren (Essay) edits New York Herald Tribune Weekly Book Review.



Louise Bogan (Poetry) is poet and critic who reviews poetry for The New Yorker magazine.



Bernardine Kiely (Short Story) is associated with the Book-of-Month Club.



Gladys Schmitt (Short Story), novelist, is a former Writing Awards winner.



Walter Pritchard Eaton, author, critic, professor of playwriting at Yale, gave first place in essay to "Morning." "I finally chose," he said, "what seemed to me the best written and most interesting papers. And some of them are very well written indeed." None of four essay judges gave first place to same entry. Votes are tallied by points to determine winners.



Harry Hansen (Essay) edits The World Almanac, reviews books.

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Chucklebait

Want to win one of the 95 art scholarships in the Scholastic Awards? Change your name to Reynolds. Four Reynoldses, all different, no two from the same state, no one related to the other (so far as we know) captured art scholarships. Two are named Robert Reynolds, one has the first name Rebecca, and the fourth calls himself George.

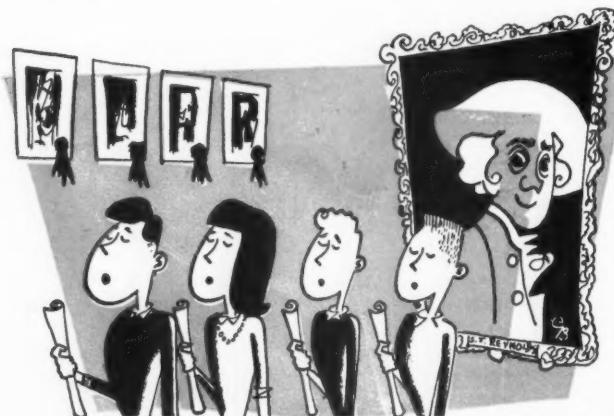
We don't know whether any of these Reynoldses is descended from old man Joshua Reynolds, the famous portrait painter of 18th century London. But there is a chance that in a few years Josh may have to move over in the art books, to make room for a couple more Reynoldses.

Incidentally, George Reynolds, who hails from Green River, Wyoming, and took a scholarship to the Fred Archer School of Photography, has plenty on the ball. His news photographs have been published for the past three years, and his coverage of last winter's blizzards went over the national wire services, with the news agencies paying top rates plus bonuses! George is handy with a pen, too. Read what he says about photography as a career:

"A man wouldn't say that he loved his wife for her hair, or her eyes, or the way she laughs, but because of a combination of these things and many others. A very similar situation has brought photography out, in my opinion, above all others as a profession. . . . The magic of developing a batch of film gives me the same thrill now as it did when I developed my first roll of film more than eight years ago." Good luck, George!

Variety Is The Spice . . .

There are few things tougher than getting a group of art judges—all representing different points of view—to agree on a prize winner. At the five art galleries in the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, where the Scholastic Art Awards are judged, a judge on one of the five art juries had to be absent part of the time. He asked a judge on another jury to vote his ballot for him in case of a tie. This meant that three of the four remaining judges would have to agree. Well, the absent judge's ballot was necessary every time a final vote was taken. The four remaining judges always split evenly, creating a tie.



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One who watches the art judges at work is always impressed by the bench from which the judges do their judging. (Sounds like a law court, doesn't it?) The bench is mounted on wheels, and the judges are pushed from wall to wall and room to room. Apparently, Scholastic Art Awards is the only place in the country where judges get "pushed around."

Seriously though, the art judges don't push easy. In selecting winners for the Ingersoll Awards, each judge has the privilege of nominating a piece. If he can get a majority of the judges to agree with him, the piece is then eligible for later consideration. Well, on the suggestion of Aaron Bohrod, each of the pictorial arts judges agreed that when a piece he nominated got a prize he would write down his reason for nominating it.

Bohrod made the suggestion after an entry that was wildly removed from reality (Bohrod and another judge called it a "disorganized mess") got a first prize in water color, Group III, over his vigorous dissent. "If you were called upon," Bohrod demanded of the other judges, "to support a choice, what would you say?" One judge, defending this entry, said that he liked it because the artist apparently felt that the world has gone screwball and he was portraying it that way.

During the preliminary judging, the three judges voted two to one against allowing a place in the show to this same water color we're talking about. It was only an impassioned plea by the favorable judge that swung another vote. It all proves that in a competition where personal opinion is involved, there is no "winner" in the strict sense of that word. An art contest isn't a foot race.

Goldenrod versus Hay Fever

Over on the literary side of the Scholastic Awards, differences of opinion were also wide and handsome. Short story judges Martha Foley and Herschel Brickell, each of whom edits an annual short story anthology, saw eye to eye on practically nothing. And among the poetry judges, an entry that was given first place by one judge was ranked in last place by another.

Perhaps the best comment on the subject was made by Wanda Orton, one of the essay judges. "I knew the assignment would be tough," she declared. "Judging is easy when some of the papers obligingly stink a little. . . . I would like to tell the unhappy ones that all judging depends slightly on the personal phobias of the judge. If you were allergic to birds, bees, and flowers in your youth because you had severe hay fever, you will have to try very hard to appreciate an essay on wandering through the goldenrod. But if you truly love the work of young writers, and I know all Scholastic judges do, you spend weary hours trying to satisfy your own canons of art and technique before passing judgment."

Item: There were more than 25,000 manuscript entries.

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